EVERYDAY CLASSICS
Sixth Reader

Baker and Thorndike

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EVERYDAY CLASSICS

SIXTH READER

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PREFACE

THIS series of Readers has been prepared in the belief that the instruction in reading in the schools should be based on a selection of the classic of our literature. The pupil is introduced not only to what is excellent in itself but to what his father and mother have read before him, to what has become a valued part of the heritage of the nation and the race. All other school reading should be supplementary to this study of what is best in literature.

A classic is not necessarily something old; rather it is something so good that it never grows old. The selections in this series are EVERYDAY CLASSICS because they are stories and poems that have really become a part of our everyday thinking and feeling. The teacher will not find novelties here; but this literature that has endeared itself to so many will all be new to the child. Its vistas of history, its records of bravery and sacrifice, its sentiment and its sunshine, will be for him as new as they are wonderful and important.

The SIXTH READER is a book of world-famous stories. The great poems of Greece and Rome, the Bible, the myths of Northern Europe, and the epics and romances of the Age of Chivalry are all represented. Among more modern authors are Dickens, Tennyson, Byron, Shelley, Kipling, Bryant,

Irving, Hawthorne, Holmes, Jefferson, Webster and Lincoln. The selections are arranged in groups so that they tell the fascinating story of the progress of civilization. The order in which the selections are read may, however, be suited to the special needs of the class. In the MANUAL accompanying this volume, many suggestions will be found for different arrangements.

The SIXTH READER, like the others in this series, offers aids to guide and assist the pupil in the reading of literature. These **Helps to Study** aim (1) to give the pupil the information and suggestion so that his introduction to each selection may be easy and eager; (2) to guide him by questions to a right understanding and interpretation of each selection as a whole and in detail; (3) to coördinate each selection with his own experience and reading.

Proper names and the more difficult words and phrases have often been listed with their pronunciations after the lessons in which they occur. Other words have been listed **For Study with the Glossary.**

The editors are greatly indebted to Miss Mary Leland Hunt for assistance on the Helps to Study and the Glossary.

The MANUAL which accompanies this Reader offers suggestions as to methods, and much additional matter for the teacher's use in the classroom and for her own reading. It contains whatever the authors have to offer the teacher. Everything in the Reader itself is addressed to the pupil.

F. T. B.,
A. H. T.

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"The Garden of the Hesperides!" Cried One. See page 12.

EVERYDAY CLASSICS

SIXTH READER

HERCULES AND THE GOLDEN APPLES

I

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price, by the bushel, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

And, even in the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches. All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any. Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned

no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

And once the adventure was undertaken by a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak, he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapped in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though, on the whole, he was kind, and generous, and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden.

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had been weary of seeking it, after

so many disappointments. And pray, adventurous traveler, what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"And do you know," asked the damsel who had first spoken, "that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger, calmly. "But, from my cradle upwards, it has been my business, and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons."

The young women looked at his massive club, and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure; and they whispered to each other that the stranger appeared to be one who might reasonably expect to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But, then, the dragon with a hundred heads! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster?

"Go back," cried they all, — "go back to your own home! Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy; and what can she do more, should you win ever so great a victory? No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient at these remonstrances. He carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth, near by. With the force of that idle blow, the great rock was shattered all to pieces.

"Do you not believe," said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads?"

Then he sat down on the grass, and told them the story of his life, from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield. While he lay there, two immense serpents came gliding over the floor, and opened their hideous jaws to devour him; and he, a baby of a few months old, had gripped one of the fierce snakes in each of his little fists, and strangled them to death. When he was but a stripling, he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders.

When the stranger had finished the story of his adventures, he looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly; "my name is Hercules!"

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange, any longer, that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of

of snowy foam. At one end of the beach, however, there was a pleasant spot, where some green shrubbery clambered up a cliff, making its rocky face look soft and beautiful. A carpet of verdant grass, mixed with sweet-smelling clover, covered the narrow space between the bottom of the cliff and the sea. And what should he espy there, but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight, it looked very like one; but, on closer inspection, it rather seemed to be some kind of a creature that lived in the sea. For on his legs and arms there were scales, such as fishes have; he was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck; and his long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of seaweed than of an ordinary beard. But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One, who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom the hospitable maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe toward him, and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," cried he, before the Old One was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you may easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA AWOKE IN A FRIGHT.

awoke in a fright. But his astonishment could hardly have been greater than was that of Hercules, the next moment. For, all of a sudden, the Old One seemed to disappear out of his grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a sea bird, fluttering and screaming, while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw! But the bird could not get away. Immediately afterwards, there was an ugly, three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, instead of the three-headed dog, what should appear but a six-legged monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, in order to get the remaining one at libery! But Hercules held on. By and by, the monster disappeared, but a huge snake took its place, like one of those which Hercules had strangled in his babyhood, only a hundred times as big; and it twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright; so that it was really a very terrible spectacle! But Hercules was no whit disheartened, and squeezed the great snake so tightly that he soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea,

though he generally looked so much like the wave-beaten figurehead of a vessel, had the power of assuming any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such surprise and terror, by these magical transformations, that the hero would be glad to let him go. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea, whence he would not soon have given himself the trouble of coming up, in order to answer any impertinent questions.

But, as Hercules held on so stubbornly, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage, with something like a tuft of seaweed at his chin. "Pray, what do you want with me?" cried the Old One, as soon as he could take breath.

"My name is Hercules!" roared the mighty stranger. "And you will never get out of my clutch until you tell me the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw, with half an eye, that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. "You must go on, thus and thus," said the Old Man of the Sea, after taking the points of the compass, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the

humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

"And if the giant happens not to be in the humor," remarked Hercules, balancing his club on the tip of his finger, "perhaps I shall find means to persuade him!"

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. Passing through the deserts of Africa, and going as fast as he could, he arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean. And here, unless he could walk on the crest of the billows, it seemed as if his journey must needs be at an end.

Nothing was before him, save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But, suddenly, as he looked towards the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen the moment before. It gleamed very brightly, almost as you may have beheld the round, golden disk of the sun, when it rises or sets over the edge of the world. It evidently drew nearer; for, at every instant, this wonderful object became larger and more lustrous. At length, it had come so nigh that Hercules discovered it to be an immsense cup or bowl, made either of gold or burnished brass. The waves tumbled it onward, until it grazed against the shore, within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing

As soon as this happened, he knew what was to be

done; for he had not gone through so many remarkable adventures without learning pretty well how to conduct himself, whenever anything came to pass a little out of the common rule. It was just as clear as daylight that this marvelous cup had been set adrift by some unseen power, and guided hitherward, in order to carry Hercules across the sea, on his way to the garden of the Hesperides. Accordingly, without a moment's delay, he clambered over the brim, and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. He had scarcely rested, until now, since he bade farewell to the damsels on the margin of the river. The waves dashed, with a pleasant and ringing sound, against the rim of the hollow cup; it rocked lightly to and fro, and the motion was so soothing that it speedily rocked Hercules into an agreeable slumber.

His nap had probably lasted a good while, when the cup chanced to graze a rock, and, in consequence, immediately resounded through its golden or brazen substance, a hundred times as loudly as ever you heard a church bell. The noise awoke Hercules, who instantly started up and gazed around him, wondering whereabouts he was. He was not long in discovering that the cup had floated across a great part of the sea, and was approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And, on that island, what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes, so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden cup in which he was voyaging. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head!

Meanwhile, the bright cup continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features: eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormous size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people, nowadays, who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

III

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder: "Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come, in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads?"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant's middle, and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, so that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen, standing up into the darkness of the tempest; and, now and then, a momentary glimpse of his whole figure, mantled in a volume of mist. He seemed to be speaking most of the time, but his big, deep, rough voice chimed in with the echoes of the thunderclaps, and rolled away over the hills, like them.

At last, the storm swept over, as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine beaming over his vast height. So far above the shower had been his head, that not a hair of it was moistened by the raindrops!

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the seashore, he roared out to him anew. "I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea, and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my

burden on your shoulders while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must remember, was a remarkably strong man; and though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking that, for the first time in his life, he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own, and considered that he should be doing the giant a favor by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought it would be still more for his own glory, if he could boast of upholding the sky, than

merely to do so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then the other. Then, all at once, he began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed — Ho! ho! ho! — with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward; for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form, more than thirty miles off, half hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall, and misty, and blue, as a distant mountain. At last the gigantic shape

faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the bye, its weight began already to be a little troublesome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

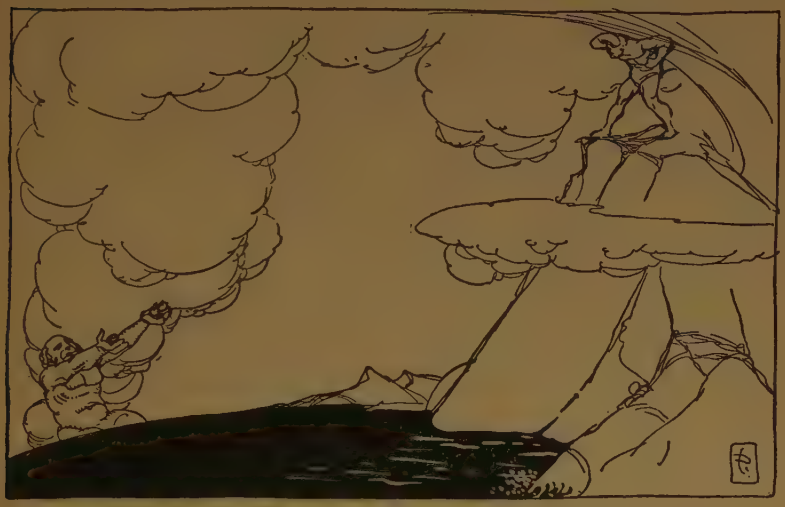
I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach, Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes; and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a

pleasant ramble, and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste, — and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the



golden apples, — will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air, twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down, — "as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you

to take my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky, just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky must be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will learn patience!"

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man, and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant!"

"Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon.

It really chafes me, and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feelings towards Hercules. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak trees, six or seven centuries old, that had grown betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant, to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Wonder Book.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Among the most famous of Greek stories are those about the mighty hero Hercules. He was supposed to be the son of Zeus (Jupiter) and after accomplishing twelve labors or tasks, was made immortal and came to be worshiped as the god of strength and courage. He is usually represented as broad-shouldered and muscular, clad only in the skin of the Nemean lion and armed with a huge club. Among his twelve labors were the killing of the Nemean lion, the bringing to the upper world of the dog Cerberus who guarded the lower world of Hades, and obtaining the golden apples of Hesperides. This last feat is retold by Nathaniel Hawthorne in the *Wonder Book*.

An account of the life of Hawthorne is given in the FIFTH READER (p. 75). His *Grandfather's Chair*, *Wonder Book*, and *Tanglewood Tales* are written especially for boys and girls. Of his novels the *House of the Seven Gables* is perhaps the one to read first.

I. 1. What were the golden apples? 2. How were they guarded? 3. Describe the appearance of Hercules. 4. Whom did he meet? 5. What advice did they first give him? 6. What story did Hercules tell the maidens? 7. How did they treat Hercules? 8. What did they tell him about the "Old One"? 9. What do you know about Hercules? 10. What do you remember of him in another famous expedition? (See "Jason and the Golden Fleece," FIFTH READER, p. 301.) 11. Of what other famous dragon have you read?

II. 1. Where did Hercules find the "Old Man of the Sea"? 2. What different shapes did he take? 3. Have you ever heard other stories of the Old Man of the Sea? (*Arabian Nights.*

See FOURTH READER.) 4. What did the Old Man tell Hercules about the Gardens of the Hesperides? about a giant? 5. Trace the journey of Hercules. 6. Describe the vessel in which he set sail. 7. Whom did he see on the island? 8. Describe the giant. 9. Tell of any other giants that you have read about.

III. 1. What was the name of the giant? 2. What was his work? Find the Atlas Mountains on the map. 3. What connection do you see between the mountains and the giant? 4. How do you suppose that the story of the giant holding up the sky got started? 5. Tell how Hercules came to take up the burden of Atlas. 6. What explanation does the story offer for shooting stars? 7. What proverb did the giant quote? 8. Who had the most "spice of life," Hercules or Atlas?

For Study with the Glossary. I. Hesperides, inquiry, pastime, remonstrances, stripling, quest, ponderous, chanting, illustrious. II. inspection, assuming, transformation, crest, lustrous, burnished, visage, disconsolate. III. quoth, exploit, prodigious, subsided, posterity.

Zeus (zūs) **Nemean** (ne-mē′an) **Cerberus** (sĕr′be-rus)
Hercules (hĕr′cū-lēs) **Hades** (hā′dēz)

At the end of this Reader is a GLOSSARY, or small dictionary of all the difficult words used in the book, with their definition and pronunciation. After each selection there is a list of the more difficult words and phrases.

For Study with the Glossary. You should look up all words which you do not understand in the GLOSSARY, or in a Dictionary. A table of the marks used to show the pronunciation of words is given with the GLOSSARY.

WHAT ARE THE GREEKS TO US?

What do we mean by civilization? It is the progress made by men from savagery. If you could name all the differences between a man like James Russell Lowell or Thomas Bailey Aldrich and a savage in Africa or Australia you would have a list of many things which go to make civilization. Another measure may be had by looking back over the many years which our race has taken to attain all that we now enjoy. It is at least three thousand years since man began to be civilized.

One of the first places in the world to become highly civilized was Greece. In this little country men early excelled in the use of tools and weapons, and built cities and sailed ships and established themselves in comfort and freedom with just laws. There civilization flourished; men grew wise and skillful and humane, and learned to do many things as well or better than they have ever been done since. The Greeks did not know the uses of steam and electricity, and their science was in most respects less than ours. But they built buildings, carved statues, and wrote poems and plays that the world has ever since admired.

The results of Greek civilization in art, philosophy, oratory, government, and literature served, indeed, as

a guide and model for other peoples. For many centuries men have been going to their writings and their buildings in order to learn how to become more civilized. In literature there is no better way to-day to get high standards than by studying what was written by these men thousands of years ago.

In reading about the Greeks, however, we must remember that their civilization was different from ours. They called all other peoples than themselves barbarians, and the rest of the world was in fact much less civilized than they. But the Greeks themselves had many ideas and did many things which seem strange and even childish to us. They believed the world was full of spirits, some good, some evil, some of lesser powers and some able to control the actions of men. So the forces of earth, ocean, sun and moon became for them powerful gods to whom men offered prayer and sacrifice. Man was alone in the little world of his knowledge, and he was surrounded by all these imagined and unknown persons.

The religion of all primitive peoples abounds in stories about these mysterious gods of the unknown world. But the myths about the Greek gods and the legends about their heroes are more imaginative and better told and therefore more interesting than those of any other people. And these myths and legends have also a moral for those of us of this later day who

know more about science and geography. The Greeks were always seeking to penetrate and understand what was unknown. So their ships sailed bravely on untracked seas; their philosophers reasoned about the beginning and end of things; and they loved stories of heroism and adventure. Their heroes are always searching for something or accomplishing something. Living in a world of barbarians, conscious that their knowledge was only a small mite of what might be learned, these Greeks were fired by the desire to learn, discover, and advance.

Perhaps the noblest virtue of civilization is the desire for perfection. Whatever we are, we desire to improve. The Greeks were the first nation to feel this desire intensely and to follow it bravely.

Among the earliest and the greatest of Greek poems are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* which were supposed to have been written by Homer. In the height of Greek civilization, every schoolboy knew most of these poems by memory, and they have been re-read and re-told to every civilized nation.

The *Iliad* tells of the siege of Troy by the Greek heroes under the leadership of Agamemnon. The bravest of the Trojans is Hector, but in the end he is slain by Achilles, the most powerful warrior of the Greeks.

The *Odyssey* tells of the wanderings of one of the Greek heroes, Ulysses, after the fall of the city until, after many adventures, he returned to his faithful wife Penelope.

Many centuries after these poems were written, Virgil, a Roman poet, wrote the *Æneid*, which tells of a Trojan hero, Æneas, who escaped from Troy and finally founded the city of Rome.

The selections which follow in the Reader tell some of the most famous incidents in the siege of Troy and the adventures of the Greek and Trojan heroes.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is civilization? 2. How can it be measured? 3. What can you tell about Greek civilization? 4. What stories have you read about the Greeks? 5. What do you know about the Greek gods? 6. Of what use is the desire for perfection? 7. What is the subject of the *Iliad*? 8. Of the *Odyssey*? 9. Of the *Æneid*?

For a list of the Greek gods, see page 46.

Iliad (ĭl′ĭ-ăd), **Odyssey** (ŏd′ĭs-sy), **Homer** (hō′mer), **Virgil** (vĕr′-jil), **Æneid** (ē-nē′ăd), **Agamemnon** (ăg-ă-mĕm′nŏn), **Hector** (hĕk′tor), **Trojan** (trō′jan), **Achilles** (a-kil′lēz), **Ulysses** (ū-lis′sēz), **Penelope** (pĕn-ĕl′ō-pē), **Æneas** (ē-nē′as).

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

Troy, in Asia Minor near the Dardanelles, was the city of King Priam and his many sons and daughters. One of these sons, Paris, ran away with Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world and the wife of the Greek king, Menelaus. The other Greek kings raised a large fleet and sailed to Troy to retake the beautiful Helen and punish the Trojans. Agamemnon was chief of the Greeks, but the bravest and most powerful was Achilles. At the time of which this selection tells, Achilles had quarreled with Agamemnon and sulked in his tent. Diomed, Ajax, and the wily Ulysses were the chief Greeks left to oppose Hector, the bravest of Priam's sons. Aphrodite (or Venus) aided the Trojans, but most of the gods and goddesses helped the Greeks, especially the goddess Athene (Pallas).

Hector came into the city by the Scæan gates, and as he went wives and mothers crowded about him, asking how it had fared with their husbands and sons. But he said naught, save to bid them pray; and indeed there was sore news for many, if he had told that which he knew. Then he came to the palace of King Priam, and there he saw Hecuba, his mother, and with her Laodice, fairest of her daughters. She caught him by the hand and said:

"Why hast thou come from the battle, my son? Do the Greeks press thee hard, and art thou minded to pray to Father Zeus from the citadel? Let me bring

THEN HE CAME TO THE PALACE OF PRIAM.

thee honey-sweet wine, that thou mayest pour out before him, aye, and that thou mayest drink thyself, and gladden thy heart."

But Hector said: "Give me not wine, my mother, lest thou weaken my knees and make me forget my courage. Nor must I pour out an offering to Zeus thus, with unwashed hands. But do thou gather the mothers of Troy together, and go to the temple of Athene and take a robe, the one that is the most precious and beautiful in thy stores, and lay it on the knees of the goddess, and pray her to keep this dreadful Diomed from the walls of Troy; and forget not to vow therewith twelve heifers as a sacrifice. As for me, I will go and seek Paris, if perchance he will come with me to the war. Would that the earth might open and swallow him up, for of a truth he is a curse to King Priam and to Troy."

Then went Queen Hecuba into her house, and gave command to her maids that they should assemble the aged women of the city. Afterwards she went to her store-chamber, where lay the well-wrought robes, work of Sidonian women, which Paris himself brought from Sidon, when he sailed upon the broad sea, bringing home with him high-born Helen. The fairest robe of all did the Queen take. Bright as a star it was, and it lay the undermost of all.

And when she and the aged women that were with

her came to the temple of Athene that was in the citadel, the priestess of Athene opened the doors to them. They lifted their hands, and cried aloud, and the priestess laid the garment on the knees of the goddess, and spake, saying:

"Lady Athene, that keepest the city, break now the spear of Diomed, and let him fall upon his face before the Scæan gates. So will we sacrifice to thee twelve heifers that have not felt the goad, if only thou wilt have pity upon our town, and on the wives and little ones of the men of Troy."

So she prayed, but Athene heeded not her words.

Meanwhile Hector went to the house of Paris, where it stood on the citadel, near to his own dwelling and the dwelling of Priam. He found him busy with his arms, and the fair Helen sat near him and gave their tasks to her maidens.

When Hector saw his brother, he spake to him bitter words, taunting him, as if it were by reason of his anger that he stood aloof from the battle. "Verily thou doest not well to be angry. The people perish about the walls, and the war burns hot round the city; and all for thy sake. Rouse thee, lest it be consumed."

And Paris answered: "Brother, thou hast spoken well. It was not in wrath that I sat here. I was vexed at my sore defeat. But now my wife has urged me to

join the battle; and truly it is well, for victory comes now to one and now to another. Wait thou, then, till I put on my arms, or, if thou wouldst depart, I will overtake thee."

Then spake Helen with soothing words: "O my brother, come in, sit thee down in this chair, for my heart is weary because of my sin and of the sin of my husband. Verily Zeus hath ordained for us an evil fate, so that our story shall be sung in days that are yet to come."

But Hector said: "Ask me not to rest, for I am eager to help the men of Troy, for verily their need is sore. But do thou urge thy husband that he overtake me while I am yet within the city, for now I go to my home that I may see my wife and my little son, because I know not whether I shall return to them again."

So Hector departed and went to his own home, seeking his wife Andromache, but found her not, for she was on a tower of the wall with her child and her child's nurse, weeping sore for fear. And Hector spake to the maids:

"Tell me, whither went the white-armed Andromache, to see some sister-in-law, or to the temple of Athene with the mothers of Troy?"

"Nay," said an aged woman, keeper of the house. "She went to one of the towers of the wall, for she had

heard that the Greeks were pressing our people hard. She hasted as if she were mad, and the nurse carried the child."

So Hector ran through the city to the Scæan gates, and there Andromache spied him, and hasted to meet him. And with her was the nurse, bearing the young child on her bosom — Hector's only child, beautiful, headed as a star. His father called him Scamandrius, after the river, but the sons of Troy called him Astyanax, the "City-King," because it was his father who saved the city. Silently he smiled when he saw the child, but Andromache clasped his hand and wept, and said:

"O Hector, thy courage will bring thee to death. Thou hast no pity on thy wife and child, but sparest not thyself, and all the Greeks will rush on thee and slay thee. It were better for me, losing thee, to die; for I have no comfort but thee. My father is dead, for Achilles slew him. Seven brethren I had, and they all fell in one day by the hand of the great Achilles. And my mother, she is dead, for when she had been ransomed, Artemis smote her with an arrow in her father's house. But thou art father to me, and mother, and brother, and husband also. Have pity, then, and stay here upon the wall, lest thou leave me a widow and thy child an orphan. And set the people here in array by this fig tree, where the city is easiest to be taken; for there come the bravest of the Greeks."

But Hector said: "Nay, let these things be my care. I would not that any son or daughter of Troy should see me skulking from the war. And my own heart loathes the thought, and bids me fight in the front. Well I know, indeed, that Priam, and the people of Priam, and holy Troy, will perish. Yet it is not for Troy, or for the people, or even for my father or my mother that I care so much, as for thee in the day when some Greek shall carry thee away captive, and thou shalt ply the loom or carry the pitcher in the land of Greece. And some one shall say when he sees thee, 'This was Hector's wife, who was the bravest of the sons of Troy.' May the earth cover me before that day!"

Then Hector stretched out his arms to his child. But the child drew back into the bosom of his nurse, with a loud cry, fearing the shining bronze and the horse-hair plume which nodded awfully from his helmet top. Then father and mother laughed aloud. And Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it on the ground, and caught his child in his hands, and kissed him and dandled him, praying aloud to Father Zeus and all the gods.

"Grant, Father Zeus and all ye gods, that this child may be as I am, great among the sons of Troy; and may they say some day, when they see him carrying home the bloody spoils from the war, 'A better man than his father, this,' and his mother shall be glad at heart."

Then he gave the child to his mother, and she clasped him to her breast, and smiled a tearful smile. And her husband's heart was moved; and he stroked her with his hand, and spake:

"Be not troubled over much. No man shall slay me against the ordering of fate; but as for fate, that, methinks, no man may escape, be he coward or brave. But go, ply thy tasks, the shuttle and the loom, and give their tasks to thy maidens, and let men take thought for the battle."

Then Hector took up his helmet from the ground, and Andromache went her way to her home, oft turning back her eyes. And when she was come, she and all her maidens wailed for the living Hector as though he were dead, for she thought that she should never see him any more returning safe from the battle.

And as Hector went his way, Paris came running, clad in shining arms, like to some proud steed which has been fed high in his stall, and now scours the plain with head aloft and mane streaming over his shoulders. And he spake to Hector:

"I have kept thee, I fear, when thou wast in haste, nor came at thy bidding."

But Hector answered: "No man can blame thy courage, only thou wilfully heldest back from the battle. Therefore do the sons of Troy speak shame of thee. But now let us go to the war."

So they went together out of the gates, and fell upon the hosts of the Greeks and slew many chiefs of fame, and Glaucus the Lycian went with them.

ALFRED J. CHURCH: *The Story of the Iliad.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where was Troy? 2. Who was its king? 3. Name some of his sons and daughters. 4. Why did the Greeks make war on Troy? 5. Describe Hector's return from battle to the city. 6. What do you learn about the battle without the walls? 7. To what deities did the Trojans offer sacrifices? 8. Tell in your own words of the conversation between Hector and Paris and Helen. 9. Where did Hector find his wife and child? 10. For what reason did Andromache urge Hector to remain within the walls? 11. What did Hector reply? 12. What changed their sorrow to laughter? 13. What did Hector pray for his son? 14. To what tasks was Andromache left?

Dardanelles (där-da-nelz′)
Priam (prī′am)
Paris (pâr′is)
Menelaus (mĕn-e-lā′us)
Scæan (skē′an)
Laodice (lā-od′i-sē)
Diomed (dī′o-mēd)
Andromache (an-drom′ā-ke)
Artemis (är′tem-is)
Hecuba (hek′u-bä)
Athene (ath-ē′nē)
Scamandrius (ska-măn′dri-us)
Astyanax (as-tȳ′a-naks)
Glaucus (glô′kus)
Lycian (lis′i-an)

THE GREEK GODS

ZEUS (JUPITER or JOVE) was the king of all the gods and men and presided at the councils of the gods on Mount Olympus.

POSEIDON (pō-sī′don) (NEPTUNE), brother of Zeus, ruled the sea.

HADES (PLUTO, plōō'tō), brother of Zeus, was King of the underworld, the abode of the dead.

HERE (hē're) (JUNO) was the wife of Zeus and sat on his right hand.

ATHENE (PALLAS or MINERVA) sat on his left and was goddess of wisdom. She was especially friendly to the Greeks.

APOLLO (PHŒBUS) was god of the sun and of music and poetry. He is sometimes spoken of as the archer or archer-son of Zeus, and was the most beautiful of all the gods.

ARTEMIS (DIANA), his sister, was goddess of the moon and of the chase.

APHRODITE (af-rō-dī'tē) (VENUS), was the goddess of love and beauty.

ARES (ā'rez) (MARS) was the god of war.

DEMETER (de-mē'tĕr) (CERES) was the goddess of vegetation and fruit. Her daughter, PROSERPINE (prō-sĕr'pen-e, or Pros'er-pin) was carried off by Pluto to be his bride in Hades.

HEPHÆSTUS (hē-fes'tus) (VULCAN), the husband of Aphrodite, was lame and ungainly. He was the blacksmith of the gods and forged their weapons.

HERMES (hĕrm'ēz) (MERCURY) was the messenger of the gods, and is represented with wings on his sandals.

These were the chief deities but there were many others; as ATLAS, who bore the world on his shoulders and EROS (ē'ros) (CUPID), the god of love, who is usually represented as a child, the son and companion of Aphrodite.

The names in parentheses are those given to the gods by the Romans; and are used more frequently than the older Greek names.

THE DUEL OF HECTOR AND AJAX

Now when Athene saw that the Greeks were perishing by the hand of Hector and his companions, it grieved her sore. So she came down from the heights of Olympus to help them. And Apollo met her and said: "Art thou come, Athene, to help the Greeks whom thou lovest? Well, let us stay the battle for this day; hereafter they shall fight till the doom of Troy be accomplished."

But Athene answered, "How shall we stay it?"

And Apollo said, "We will set on Hector to challenge the bravest of the Greeks to fight with him, man to man."

So they two put the matter into the mind of Helenus the seer. Then Helenus went near to Hector, and spake, saying:

"Listen to me, for I am thy brother. Cause the rest of the sons of Troy and of the Greeks to sit down, and do thou challenge the bravest of the Greeks to fight with thee, man to man. And be sure thou shalt not fall in the battle, for the will of the immortal gods is so."

Then Hector greatly rejoiced, and passed to the front of the army, holding his spear by the middle, and kept back the sons of Troy; and King Agamemnon did likewise with his own people. Then Hector spake:

"Hear me, sons of Troy, and ye men of Greece. The covenant that we made one with another hath been broken, for Zeus would have it so, purposing evil to both, till either you shall take our high-walled city or we shall conquer you by your ships. But let one of you who call yourselves champions of the Greeks, come forth and fight with me, man to man. And let it so be that if he vanquish me, he shall spoil me of my arms, but give my body to my people, that they may burn it with fire; and if I vanquish him, I will spoil him of his arms, but give his body to the Greeks, that they may bury him and raise a great mound above him by the broad salt river of Hellespont. And so men of after days shall see it, sailing by, and say, 'This is the tomb of the bravest of the Greeks, whom Hector slew.' So shall my name live forever."

But all the Greeks kept silence, fearing to meet him in battle, but ashamed to hold back. At last Menelaus leapt forward and spake:

"Surely ye are women and not men. Is there no man to stand up against this Hector? Lo! I will fight with him my own self."

So he spake in his rage, courting death, for Hector was much stronger than he. Then King Agamemnon answered:

"Nay, but this is folly, my brother. Seek not in thy anger to fight with one that is stronger than thou; for

even Achilles is loth to meet Hector. Sit thou down among thy comrades, and the Greeks will find some champion who shall fight with him."

And Menelaus hearkened to his brother's words, and sat down. Then rose up nine chiefs of fame, eager now for fame; but Nestor said, "Let us cast lots to see who shall do battle with the mighty Hector."

So they threw the lots into the helmet of King Agamemnon, — a lot for each. And the people prayed, "Grant, ye gods, that the lot of Ajax the Greater may leap forth, or the lot of Diomed, or the lot of King Agamemnon." Then Nestor shook the lots in the helmet, and the one which they most wished leapt forth. For the herald took it through the ranks and showed it to the chiefs, but none knew it for his own till he came to where Ajax the Greater stood among his comrades. But Ajax had marked it with his mark, and put forth his hand for it, and claimed it, right glad at heart. On the ground by his feet he threw it, and said:

"Mine is the lot, my friends, and right glad I am, for I think that I shall prevail over the mighty Hector."

So he armed himself and moved forwards, smiling with grim face. With mighty strides he came, brandishing his long-shafted spear. And all the Greeks were glad to behold him, but the knees of the Trojans were loosened with fear, and great Hector's heart beat fast; but he trembled not, nor gave place, seeing that he had

himself called his foe to battle. So Ajax came near, holding before him the great shield, like a wall. Seven folds of bull's hide it had, and an eighth of bronze. Threateningly he spake:

"Now shalt thou know, Hector, what manner of men there are yet among our chiefs, though Achilles the lion-hearted is far away, sitting idly in his tent, in great wrath with King Agamemnon. Do thou, then, begin the battle."

"Speak not to me," said Hector, "as though I were a woman or a child, knowing nothing of war. Well I know all the arts of battle, to ply my shield this way and that, to guide my car through the tumult of steeds, and to stand fighting hand to hand."

And as he spake he hurled his long-shafted spear, and smote the great shield. Through six folds it passed, but in the seventh it was stayed. Then Ajax hurled his spear, striking Hector's shield. Through shield it passed and corselet, and cut the tunic close against the loin; but Hector shrank away and escaped the doom of death. Then, each with a fresh spear, they rushed together like lions or wild boars of the wood. First Hector smote the middle of the shield of Ajax, but pierced it not, for the spear-point was bent back; then Ajax, with a great bound, drove his spear at Hector's shield and pierced it, forcing him back, and grazing his neck so that the black blood welled out. Yet did not

THEN AJAX, WITH A GREAT BOUND, DROVE HIS SPEAR AT HECTOR'S SHIELD.

Hector cease from the combat. A great stone and rough he caught up from the ground, and hurled it at the seven-fold shield. Loud rang the bronze, but the shield brake not. Then Ajax took a stone heavier by far, and threw it with all his might. It brake the shield of Hector, and bore him backwards, so that he fell at length with his shield above him. But Apollo raised him up. Then did both draw their swords; but ere they could join in close battle came the heralds, and held their scepters between them, and Idæus, the herald of Troy, spake:

"Fight no more, my sons; Zeus loves you both, and ye are both mighty warriors. That we all know right well. But now the night bids you cease, and it is well to heed its bidding."

Then said Ajax: "It is for Hector to speak, for he called the bravest of the Greeks to battle. And as he wills it, so will I."

And Hector said: "O Ajax, the gods have given thee stature and strength and skill, nor is there any better warrior among the Greeks. Let us cease then from the battle; we may yet meet again, and the gods give the victory to me or thee. But now let us give gifts the one to the other, so that Trojans and Greeks may say, 'Hector and Ajax met in fierce fight and parted in friendship.'"

So Hector gave to Ajax a silver-studded sword with

the scabbard and the sword-belt, and Ajax gave to Hector a buckler splendid with purple. So they parted. Right glad were the sons of Troy when they saw Hector returning safe. Glad also were the Greeks, as they led Ajax rejoicing in his victory to King Agamemnon. Thereupon the King called the chiefs to banquet together, and bade slay an ox of five years old, and Ajax he honored most of all, giving him the best portions. And when the feast was ended, Nestor said:

"It were well that we should cease a while from war and burn the dead, for many are fallen. And we will build a great wall and dig a trench about it, and we will make gates that a chariot may pass through, so that our ships may be safe, if the sons of Troy should press us hard."

But the next morning came a herald from Troy to the chiefs, as they sat in council by the ship of King Agamemnon, and said:

"This is the word of Priam and the men of Troy: Paris will give back all the treasures of the fair Helen, and many more besides; but the fair Helen herself he will not give. And if this please you not, grant us a truce, that we may bury our dead."

Then Diomed spake: "Nay, we will not take the treasures, for a man may know, even though he be a fool, that the doom of Troy is come."

And King Agamemnon said, "Herald, thou hast

heard the word of the Greeks, but as for the truce, be it as you will."

So the next day they burnt their dead, and the Greeks made a wall with gates and dug a trench about it. And when it was finished, even at sunset, they made ready a meal, and lo! there came ships from Lemnos bringing wine, and Greeks bought thereof, some with bronze, and some with iron, and some with shields of ox hide. All night they feasted right joyously. The sons of Troy also feasted in their city. But the dreadful thunder rolled through the night, for Zeus was planning evil against them.

ALFRED J. CHURCH: *The Story of the Iliad.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who was Athene? 2. What was Olympus? 3. How did Athene and Apollo stay the battle? 4. What were the terms of Hector's challenge to the Greeks? 5. Who was Menelaus? 6. What did he do? 7. How was Ajax selected to fight with Hector? 8. Describe their weapons and their methods of fighting. 9. How was the fight stopped? 10. On what did the Greeks feast? 11. How was a truce arranged? 12. For what purpose? 13. What kind of money did the Greeks have? 14. What qualities do you find in Nestor?

For Study with the Glossary. Seer, covenant, ply, buckler.

Helenus (hĕl′e-nus), **Hellespont** (hĕl′lĕs-pont), **Nestor** (nĕs′tor), **Ajax** (ā′jaks), **Idæus** (i-dē′us).

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

Achilles has joined the battle again, enraged because Hector has killed his friend Patroclus, to whom he had lent his own armor. He has pursued Hector twice about the walls of Troy, but now Hector makes a stand.

The crestèd hero, Hector, thus began:
"No longer I avoid thee as of late,
O Son of Peleus! Thrice around the walls
Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,
Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart
Bids me encounter thee; my time is come
To slay or to be slain. Now let us call
The gods to witness, who attest and guard
The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow
On me the victory, and I take thy life,
Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands;
But, stripping off the armor, I will send
The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."
The swift Achilles answered with a frown:
"Accursèd Hector, never talk to me
Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,
Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan
Evil against the other. So between
Thyself and me no compact can exist,
Or understood intent. First, one of us

Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god
Of battles. Summon all thy valor now.
A skillful spearman thou hast need to be,
And a bold warrior. There is no escape,
For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain
By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me
The evil thou hast done my countrymen, —
My friends whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage."
He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim
From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth.
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
While Hector said to his illustrious foe:
"Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark,
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
In hope that I who hear thee may forget
My might and valor. Think not I shall flee,
That thou mayst pierce my back; for thou shalt send
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass
Clean through thee, all its length! The tasks of war

For us of Troy were lighter for thy death,
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race!"
He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it, nor missed, but in the center smote
The buckler of Pelides. Far away
It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
To see that the swift weapon from his hand
Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad;
No second spear had he. He called aloud
On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus,
To bring another; but that chief was far,
And Hector saw that it was so, and said:
"Ah me! the gods have summoned me to die.
I thought my warrior-friend, Deiphobus,
Was by my side; but he is still in Troy,
And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
Can not be far, — is near; there is no hope
Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
And Jove's great archer-son, who have till now
Delivered me. My hour at last is come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time."
He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang — as when an eagle high in heaven,

Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
Before him. On his shining helmet waved
The fourfold crest; there tossed the golden tufts
With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly
Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall:

"Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think
Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,
Who was not near thee to avenge his death.
Fool! there was left within the roomy ships
A mightier one than he, who should come forth,
The avenger of his blood, to take thy life.
Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh;
The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rite."
And then the crested Hector, dying, said:
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."
Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The night of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate, —
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Translation of the Iliad.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This passage is from the translation of the *Iliad* by William Cullen Bryant, the well-known American poet. You will remember his *Planting the Apple Tree, Song of Marion's Men* (FIFTH READER, p. 190). See also *To a Waterfowl*, p. 328 of this book.

There are many translations of the *Iliad* — Pope's and Bryant's are perhaps the best of those in verse, that by Lang, Leaf and Myers is the best of the prose versions. In this translation by Bryant, Latin names are used for the Greek gods: Jove for Zeus, Pallas for Athene.

1. What covenant did Hector propose to Achilles? Why did Achilles refuse? 2. Of what assistance was Pallas to Achilles? 3. At what disadvantage was Hector in the final fight? 4. Where was he struck? 5. By what weapon? 6. What qualities does Hector show in death? 7. The *Iliad* is famous for its beautiful similes or comparisons. Select several similes from this passage.

Peleus (pē′lūs)
Pallas (păl′as)
Deiphobus (de-ĭ′fo-bus)
Pelides (pel-ī′dez), son of Peleus
Patroclus (pa-trō′klus)

For Study with the Glossary. crested, attest, plight, compact, understood intent, passively, finely tempered, avenger.

Ulysses, or Odysseus as the Greeks called him, had many adventures on his journey home from Troy. The gods who favored the Trojans plotted to bring him into many perils. A fierce storm drove his little ships to the land of the lotus, a plant that brings to those who eat it forgetfulness and indolence. When Ulysses and his crew escaped from this island, they came to the land of the one-eyed giants where he had the adventures described in the next selection. It was only after ten years of wandering that Ulysses finally returned to his home on the island of Ithaca and to his faithful wife Penelope.

ULYSSES AND THE CYCLOPS

I

Ulysses is telling his adventures to the king of the Phæacians, who helped him on his journey homeward from Troy.

"Then we took to our oars, and rowed for many days till we came to the country where the Cyclopes dwell. Now a mile or so from the shore there was an island, very fair and fertile, but no man dwells there or tills the soil; and in the island was a harbor where a ship may be safe from all winds, and at the head of the harbor a stream falling from a rock, and whispering alders all about it. Into this the ships passed safely, and were hauled up on the beach, and the crews slept by them, waiting for the morning.

"When the dawn appeared, then we wandered through the island; and the Nymphs of the land started the wild goats that my company might have food to eat. Thereupon we took our bows and our spears from the ships, and shot at the goats; and the gods gave us plenty of prey. Twelve ships I had in my company, and each ship had nine goats for its share, and my own portion was ten.

"Then all the day we sat and feasted, drinking sweet wine and eating the flesh of the goats; and we

looked across to the land of the Cyclopes, seeing the smoke and hearing the voices of the men and of the sheep and of the goats. And when the sun set and darkness came over the land, we lay down upon the seashore and slept.

"The next day I gathered my men together, and said, 'Abide ye here, dear friends; I with my own ship and my own company will go and make trial of the folk that dwell in yonder island, and see whether they are just or unjust.'

"So I climbed into my ship and bade my company follow me, and we came to the land of the Cyclopes. Close to the shore was a cave, with laurels round about the mouth. This was the dwelling of the Cyclops. Alone he dwelt, a creature without law. Nor was he like to mortal men, but rather like to some wooded peak of the hills that stands out apart from all the rest.

"Then I bade the rest of my comrades abide by the ship, and keep it, but I took twelve men, the bravest that there were in the crew, and went forth. I had with me a goatskin full of the wine, dark red and sweet, which the priest of Apollo at Ismarus had given me. So precious was it that none in his house knew of it saving himself and his wife and one dame that kept the house. When they drank of it, they mixed twenty measures of water with one of wine, and the smell

that went up from it was wondrous sweet. No man could easily refrain from drinking it. With this wine I filled a great skin and bore it with me; also I bore corn in a pouch, for my heart told me that I should need it.

"So we entered the cave, and judged that it was the dwelling of some rich and skillful shepherd. For within there were pens for the young of the sheep and of the goats, divided all according to their age, and there were baskets full of cheeses, and full milkpails ranged along the wall. But the Cyclops himself was away in the pastures. Then my companions besought me that I would depart, taking with me, if I would, a store of cheeses and sundry of the lambs and of the kids. But I would not, for I wished to see what manner of host this strange shepherd might be, and, if it might be, to take a gift from his hand, such as is the due of strangers. Verily, his coming was not to be a joy to my company.

"It was evening when the Cyclops came home, a mighty giant, very tall of stature, and when we saw him we fled into the secret place of the cave in great fear. On his shoulder he bore a vast bundle of pine logs for his fire, and threw them down outside the cave with a great crash, and drove the flocks within, and closed the entrance with a huge rock, which twenty wagons and more could not bear. Then he milked

the ewes and the she-goats, and half of the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he set ready for himself, when he should sup. Next he kindled a fire with the pine logs, and the flame lighted up all the cave, showing to him both me and my comrades.

"'Who are ye?' cried Polyphemus, for that was the giant's name. 'Are ye traders or, perhaps, pirates?'

"I shuddered at the dreadful voice and shape, but bore me bravely, and answered: 'We are no pirates, mighty sir, but Greeks sailing back from Troy, and subjects of the great King Agamemnon, whose fame is spread from one end of heaven to the other. And we are come to beg hospitality of thee in the name of Zeus, who rewards or punishes hosts and guests, according as they be faithful the one to the other or no.'

"'Nay,' said the giant; 'it is but idle talk to tell me of Zeus and the other gods. We Cyclopes take no account of gods, holding ourselves to be much better and stronger then they. But come, tell me where you have left your ship?'

"But I saw his thought when he asked about the ship, for he was minded to break it, and take from us all hope of flight. Therefore I answered him craftily:

"'Ship have we none, for that which was ours Poseidon broke, driving it on a jutting rock on this coast, and we whom thou seest are all that are escaped from the waves.'

"Who Are Ye?" Cried Polyphemus. Page 65.

"Polyphemus answered nothing, but without more ado caught up two of the men, as a man might catch up a dog's puppies, and dashed them on the ground, and tore them limb from limb, and devoured them, with huge draughts of milk between, leaving not a morsel, not even the very bones. But we that were left, when we saw the dreadful deed, could only weep and pray to Zeus for help. And when the giant was filled with human flesh and with the milk of the flocks, he lay down among his sheep and slept.

"Then I questioned much in my heart whether I should slay the monster as he slept, for I doubted not that my good sword would pierce the giant's heart, mighty as he was. But my second thought kept me back, for I remembered that, should I slay him, I and my comrades would yet perish miserably. For who could move away the great rock that lay against the door of the cave? So we waited till the morning, with grief in our hearts. And the monster woke, and milked his flocks, and afterwards, seizing two men, devoured them for his meal. Then he went to the pastures, first putting the great rock against the mouth of the cave."

II

"All that day I was thinking what I might best do to save myself and my companions, and the end of my

thinking was this. There was a mighty pole in the cave, green wood of an olive tree, big as a ship's mast, which Polyphemus purposed to use, when the smoke should have dried it, as a walking staff. Of this I cut off a fathom's length, and my comrades sharpened it and hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away. At evening the giant came back, and drove his sheep into the cave, nor left the rams outside, as he had been wont to do before, but shut them in. And having duly done his shepherd's work, he took, as before, two of my comrades, and devoured them. And when he had finished his supper, I came forward, holding the wine-skin in my hand, and said:

"'Drink, Cyclops, now that thou hast feasted. Drink, and see what precious things we had in our ship. But no one hereafter will come to thee with such like, if thou dealest with strangers as cruelly as thou hast dealt with us.'

"Then the Cyclops drank, and was mightily pleased, and said: 'Give me again to drink, and tell me thy name, stranger, and I will give thee a gift such as a host should give. In good truth this is a rare liquor. We, too, have vines, but they bear not wine like this, which, indeed, must be such as the gods drink in heaven.'

"Then I gave him the cup again, and he drank. Thrice I gave it to him, and thrice he drank, not know-

ing what it was, and how it would work within his brain.

"Then I spake to him: 'Thou didst ask my name, Cyclops. My name is No Man. And now that thou knowest my name, thou shouldst give me thy gift.'

"And he said, 'My gift shall be that I will eat thee last of all thy company.'

"And as he spake, he fell back in a drunken sleep. Then I bade my comrades be of good courage, for the time was come when they should be delivered. And they thrust the stake of olive into the fire till it was ready, green as it was, to burst into flame, and they thrust it into the monster's eye; for he had but one eye, and that in the midst of his forehead, with the eyebrow below it. And I, standing above, leaned with all my force upon the stake, and turned it about, as a man bores the timber of a ship with a drill. And the burning wood hissed in the eye, just as the red-hot iron hisses in the water when a man seeks to temper steel for a sword.

"Then the giant leapt up, and tore away the stake, and cried aloud, so that all the Cyclopes who dwelt on the mountain side heard him and came about his cave, asking him: 'What aileth thee, Polyphemus, that thou makest this uproar in the peaceful night, driving away sleep? Is any one robbing thee of thy sheep, or seeking to slay thee by craft or force?'

"And he answered, 'No Man slays me by craft.'

"'Nay,' they said, 'if no man does thee wrong, we cannot help thee. The sickness which great Zeus may send, who can avoid? Pray to our father, Poseidon, for help.'

"So they spake, and I laughed in my heart when I saw how I had beguiled them by the name that I gave.

"But the Cyclops rolled away the great stone from the door of the cave, and sat in the midst, stretching out his hands, to feel whether perchance the men within the cave would seek to go out among the sheep.

"Long did I think how I and my comrades should best escape. At last I lighted upon a device that seemed better than all the rest, and much I thanked Zeus that this once the giant had driven the rams with the other sheep into the cave. For, these being great and strong, I fastened my comrades under the bellies of the beasts, tying them with willow twigs, of which the giant made his bed. One ram I took, and fastened a man beneath it, and two others I set, one on either side. So I did with the six, for but six were left out of the twelve who had ventured with me from the ship. And there was one mighty ram, far larger than all the others, and to this I clung, grasping the fleece tight with both my hands. So we all waited for the morning. And when the morning came, the rams rushed forth to the pasture; but the giant sat in the

door and felt the back of each as it went by, nor thought to try what might be underneath. Last of all went the great ram. And the Cyclops knew him as he passed, and said:

"'How is this, thou who art leader of the flock? Thou art not wont thus to lag behind. Thou hast always been the first to run to the pastures and streams in the morning, and the first to come back to the fold when evening fell; and now thou art last of all. Perhaps thou art troubled about thy master's eye, which some wretch — No Man they call him — has destroyed, having first mastered me with wine. I would that thou couldest speak, and tell me where he is lurking. Of a truth, I would dash out his brains upon the ground.'

"So speaking, he let the ram pass out of the cave. But when we were now out of reach of the giant, I loosed my hold of the ram, and then unbound my comrades. And we hastened to our ship, not forgetting to drive the sheep before us, and often looking back till we came to the seashore. Right glad were those who had abode by the ship to see us. Nor did they lament for those that had died, though we were fain to do so, for I forbade, fearing lest the noise of their weeping should betray to the giant where we were. Then we all climbed into the ship, and sitting well in order on the benches smote the sea strongly with our

oars, that we might the sooner get away from the accursed land. And when we had rowed a hundred yards or so, so that a man's voice could yet be heard by one who stood upon the shore, I stood up in the ship and shouted:

"'He was no coward, O Cyclops, whose comrades thou didst so foully slay in thy den. Justly art thou punished, monster, who devoured thy guests in thy dwelling. May the gods make thee suffer yet worse things than these!'

"Then the Cyclops in his wrath broke off the top of a great hill a mighty rock, and hurled it where he had heard the voice. Right in front of the ship's bow it fell, and a great wave rose as it sank, and washed the ship back to the shore. But I seized a long pole with both hands, and pushed the ship from the land, and bade my comrades ply their oars, nodding with my head, for I would not speak, lest the Cyclops should know where we were. Then they rowed with all their might and main.

"And when we had gotten twice as far as before, I made as if I would speak again; but my comrades sought to hinder me, saying: 'Nay, my lord, anger not the giant any more. Surely we thought before we were lost, when he threw the great rock, and washed our ship back to the shore. And if he hear thee now, he may crush our ship and us.'

"But I would not be persuaded, but stood up and said: 'Hear, Cyclops! If any man ask who blinded thee, say that it was the warrior Ulysses, son of Laertes, dwelling in Ithaca.'

"And the Cyclops answered with a groan: 'Of a truth the old oracles are fulfilled; for long ago there came to this land a prophet, and dwelt among us even to old age. This man foretold to me that one Ulysses would rob me of my sight. But I looked for a great man and a strong, who should subdue me by force, and now a weakling has done the deed, having cheated me with wine. But come thou hither, Ulysses, and I will be a host indeed to thee. Or, at least, may Poseidon give thee such a voyage to thy home as I would wish thee to have. For Poseidon is my sire, and he may heal me of my grievous wound.'

"And I said, 'Would to heaven I could send thee down to the abode of the dead, where thou wouldst be past all healing, even from Poseidon himself.'

"Then the Cyclops lifted up his hands to Poseidon and prayed: 'Hear me, Poseidon, if I am indeed thy son and thou my father. May this Ulysses never reach his home! Or, if the Fates have ordered that he should reach it, may he come alone, all his comrades lost, and find sore trouble in his house!'

"And as he ended, he hurled another mighty rock, which almost lighted on the rudder's end, yet missed

it as by a hair's breadth. And the wave that it raised was so great that it bore us to the other shore.

"So we came to the island of the wild goats, where we found our comrades, who indeed had waited long for us in sore fear lest we had perished. Then I divided amongst my company all the sheep which we had taken from the Cyclops. And all, with one consent, gave me for my share the great ram which had carried me out of the cave, and I sacrificed it to Zeus. And all that day we feasted right merrily on the flesh of sheep and on sweet wine, and when the night was come, we lay down upon the shore and slept."

ALFRED J. CHURCH: *The Story of the Odyssey.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Ulysses, one of the wisest and bravest of the Greeks who besieged Troy, had many marvelous adventures on his voyage home. These are related in the *Odyssey*, of which there are many English translations: An excellent one in prose is by Butcher and Lang.

I. 1. Describe the island of the Cyclopes. 2. What are Nymphs? 3. What service did they render Ulysses? 4. What preparation did Ulysses make for his visit to the Cyclops? Describe the cave. 5. Describe the Cyclops. 6. Why did Ulysses deceive him about the ship? Who was Poseidon? 7. Why did not Ulysses kill the sleeping giant? 8. What trait does this show? 9. What giant did Hercules encounter? 10. Of what other giants have you ever heard?

II. 1. What preparation did Ulysses make for the giant's return? 2. What use did he make of the wine he had brought with him? 3. What gift did the Cyclops promise Ulysses? 4. What conversation took place between Polyphemus and the other Cyclopes? 5. How did Ulysses and his companions escape from the cave? 6. Find as many instances as you can of the craftiness of Ulysses.

Cyclops (sȳ′klops), **Phæacians** (fē-ā′shanz), **Ismarus** (ĭs-mā′rus), **Polyphemus** (pol-i-fē′mus), **Laertes** (lā-ĕr′tez), **Ithaca** (ĭth′a-kä), **Cyclopes,** Sȳ′klō-pez (plural of Cyclops).

For Study with the Glossary. I. sundry, hospitality. II. fathom, wont, temper, steel, accursed, oracles, abode, sire.

The next two selections from Virgil's poem, the *Æneid*, complete the story of the Trojan war and start Æneas on his long voyage which rivaled that of Ulysses in dangers and adventures. In the end Æneas came to Italy and founded there the city of Rome, destined to become the mistress of the world. The great Roman empire passed away long ago, and the imperial city is a mass of ruins; but its literature is still living, and the memory of its great men.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LORD BYRON.

THE STORY OF ÆNEAS

I. The Fall of Troy

The Greeks besieged the city of Troy for nearly ten years. They could not take it because the walls were so high and strong — some said that they had been built by the hands of gods — but they kept the Trojans inside. This had not always been so. There had been a time when the Trojans had gone out and fought with their enemies on the plain, sometimes they had beaten them in battle, and once they had very nearly burnt their ships. But this was all changed. They had lost some of the bravest of their chiefs, such as Hector, the best of the sons of Priam, and Paris, the great archer, and many great princes who had come from the countries round about to help them.

We can easily believe then that Priam, King of Troy, and his people were very glad to hear one day that the Greeks had gone home. Two Trojans, who had left the city two weeks or so before on a message from King Priam to one of his allies, came back saying that they had gone to the camp of the Greeks and had found it empty, and that there were no ships to be seen. Every one who was not too ill or too old to move about made all the haste they could to get out of the city. The

gates were opened wide for the first time during ten years; and men, women, and children hurried out to see the plain where so many battles had been fought, and the camp in which the enemy had lived, and the place where the ships had been dragged up on the shore. As you may suppose, those who had fought in the battles had a great deal to say about what they had done and what they had seen.

There were many things to see, but the strangest one of all was a great Horse of Wood, which was standing not far from the walls of the city. No one was quite sure what it was, or what it meant. One man said: "It is a very curious thing. Let us drag it into the city that it may be a monument of all that we have suffered for the last ten years." Others said: "Not so; we had better burn it, or drag it down to the sea that the water may cover it, or cut it open to see whether there is anything inside."

Of these no one was more vehement than Laocoön, priest of Neptune. "Take heed what you do, men of Troy," he cried. "Who knows whether the Greeks have really gone away? It may be that there are armed men inside this Horse; it may be that it has been made so big to overtop the walls of the city. Anyhow I am afraid of these Greeks, even when they give us gifts." And as he spoke, he threw the spear which he had in his hand at the Horse of Wood, and struck it on the

side. A great rattling sound was heard, and the Trojans, if they had not been very blind and foolish, might have known that there was something wrong.

While the dispute was going on, some shepherds came up, bringing with them a man whose hands were bound behind his back. He said that his name was Sinon, and he pretended to the Trojans that he had escaped from the Greeks, who had intended him for a sacrifice to appease the gods that they might have safe return to their homes.

Then King Priam had pity on him and bade them unbind his hands, saying, "Forget your own people; from to-day you are one of us. But tell us why the Greeks made this great Horse of Wood."

Sinon lifted his hands and said, "Know, then, O King Priam, the Horse of Wood is a peace offering to Minerva. The Greeks have made it so large in order that the Trojans may not receive it into their gates. For once within the walls of Troy, the image will bring safety to the city and woe to the Greeks."

This was the tale that Sinon told, and the Trojans believed it. Nor is this to be wondered at, because the gods themselves took part in deceiving them. For while Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, the same that had thrown his spear at the Horse, was sacrificing a bull on the altar of his god, two great serpents came across the sea from a certain island that was near.

All the Trojans saw them come, with their heads raised high above the water, as is the way of snakes to swim. And when they reached the land they came on straight to the city. Their eyes were red with blood, and blazed like fire, and they made a dreadful hissing with their tongues. The Trojans grew pale with fear, and fled. But the serpents did not turn this way or that, but came straight to the altar at which Laocoön stood, with his two sons by him. And one serpent laid hold on one of the boys, and the other on the other, and they began to devour the children. Then the father picked up a sword, and tried to help his sons, but the serpents caught hold of him, and wound their foils round him. Twice did they wind themselves round his body and his neck, and their heads stood high above his head. And he still tried as hard as he could to tear them away with his hands, and the garlands which he bore, being a priest, dripped with blood. And when the serpents had done their work, and both the priest and his sons were dead, then they glided to the hill on which stood the Temple of Minerva, and hid themselves under the feet of the image. When the Trojans saw this, they said to themselves: "Now, Laocoön has suffered the due reward of his deeds, for he threw the spear at the holy thing which belongs to the goddess, and now he is dead and his sons with him."

Then they all cried out together that the Horse of Wood should be drawn into the citadel. So they opened the great gate of the city, pulling down part of the wall that there might be more room, and they put rollers under the feet of the Horse, and they fastened ropes to it. Then they drew it into the city, boys

and girls laying hold of the ropes, and singing songs with great joy. And every one thought it a great thing if he could put his hand to a rope. But there was not wanting signs of evil to come. Four times did the Horse halt as they dragged it, before it passed through the gate, and each time there might have been heard a great clashing of arms within. Also Cassandra

opened her mouth, and prophesied the fate of the city; but no one took any heed of her words, for it was her doom that she should speak the truth and not be believed. So the Trojans drew the Horse of Wood into the city. That night they kept a feast to the gods with great joy, not knowing that the end of their city was now close at hand.

Now the Greeks had only made a show of going away. They had taken their ships, indeed, from the place where they had been drawn up on the coast of Troy, but they had not taken them farther than a little island which was close by. There they hid themselves, ready to come back when the signal was given. When it was quite dark the signal was given; a burning torch was raised from the ship of King Agamemnon, which was in the middle of the fleet. When the Greeks saw this they got on board their ships, and rowed across from the island. The moon gave them light, and there was a great calm on the sea. At the same time Sinon opened the door in the Horse of Wood, and let out the chiefs who were hidden in it. And all the time the Trojans were fast asleep, not thinking of any danger.

Now, Æneas, who was the chief hope and stay of the Trojans, had a dream. He dreamt that he saw Hector, the brave chief who had been killed by Achilles. He saw him not as he was in the old time, when he

came back from the battle, bringing back the arms of Achilles, which he had taken from Patroclus; not as he was when he was setting fire to the ships, and the Greeks could not stand against him, but as he was when he lay dead. He was covered with dust and blood, and his feet were pierced through with thongs, for Achilles had dragged him at the wheels of his chariot three times round the walls of Troy.

When Æneas saw him he forgot all that had happened, and said: "Why have you been so long in coming? We have missed you much, and suffered much because you were not here to help us. But why do you look so miserable? Who has given you these wounds?"

To these questions the spirit made no answer. All that he said was this: "Fly, Æneas, fly, and save yourself from these flames. The enemy is inside the walls, and Troy is lost. The gods would have it so. If any one could have saved the city, I should have done it. But it was not to be. You are now Troy's only hope. Take, then, the gods of your country, and flee across the sea; there some day you shall build another Troy."

And Æneas woke from his sleep, and while he lay thinking about the dream he heard a great sound, and it seemed to him like to the sound of arms. So he rose from his bed, and climbed on the roof, and looked

at the city. Just so a shepherd stands upon a hill and sees, it may be, a great fire blown by a strong wind from the south, and sweeping over the cornfields, or a flood rushing down from the mountains. As he looked he saw the fire burst out first from one great palace and then from another, till the very sea shone with the light of the burning city. Then he knew what Hector had told him in the dream was true, and that the Greeks had made their way into the city. So he put on his armor, though he did not know what he should do. Still, he thought to himself: "I may be able to help Troy in some way; anyhow, I can avenge myself on the enemy; at the least I can die with honor."

Æneas gathered a few companions and hastened to the palace of King Priam, where the battle raged the fiercest. Here he climbed by a secret stair to the roof and fought with the defenders against the swarming Greeks.

While some were trying to climb up on the roof, others were breaking down the gates of the palace. The leader of them was the son of Achilles, Pyrrhus by name. He wore shining armor of bronze, and was as bright as a great snake which has slept in his hole all winter, and when the spring begins, comes out with a new shining skin into the sunshine and lifts his head high and hisses with his forked tongue. He had a

great battle-ax, which he held in both hands, and with this he hewed through the doors; the very door-posts he broke down with it, making what one might call a great window, through which could be seen the great palace within, the hall of King Priam and of the kings who had reigned in Troy before him. And those who were inside also could see the armed men who were breaking in, and they made a great cry; and the women wailed and clung to the doors and pillars, and kissed them, because they thought that they should never see them any more. There were men who had been put to guard the gates, but they could not stop the son of Achilles, for he was as fierce and as strong as his father had been. He and his people were like to a river that is swollen with much rain and burst its banks, and overflows all the plain. Just so did the Greeks rush into the palace.

When old King Priam saw the enemy in his hall he put on his armor. He had not worn it for many years, so old he was, but now he felt that he must fight for his home. And he took a spear in his hand, and would have gone against the Greeks. But his wife, Queen Hecuba, called to him from the place where she sat. She and her daughter and the wives of her sons had fled to the great altar of the gods of the household, and were clinging to it. They were like to a flock of doves which have been driven by a

storm into a wood. The altar stood in an open court which was in the middle of the palace, and a great bay tree stood by, and covered it with its branches. When she saw how her husband had put on his armor, as if he were a young man, she cried to him, saying: "What has bewitched you that you have put on your armor? It is not the sword that can help us to-day; no, not if my own dear Hector, who was the bravest of the brave, were here. It is in the gods and their altars that we must trust. Come and sit with us; here you will be safe, or, at least, we shall die together."

So she made the old man sit down in the midst. But lo! there came flying through the palace, Polites, his son, wounded by the spear of Pyrrhus, and Pyrrhus close behind him. And as he came within the sight of his father and mother, he fell dead upon the ground.

Then King Priam could not contain himself, but cried aloud, saying: "Now may the gods punish you for this wickedness, you who have killed a son before the eyes of his father. You lie when you say that you are the son of Achilles. He did not so treat me but gave me the body of Hector for burial and sent me back safely to my city."

As he spoke, the old man cast a spear at Pyrrhus, but there was no strength in his blow. Then said the son of Achilles, "Go, tell my father of his unworthy son and of these wicked deeds. And that you may tell

him, die!" And as he spoke, he drove his sword, up to the very hilt, into the old man's body.

So died King Priam, after he had seen Troy burning about him and his palace spoiled, Priam who had once ruled over many cities and peoples of Asia.

THE STORY OF ÆNEAS (*Concluded*)

II. The Escape of Æneas

Æneas from his place on the roof saw all these things, for they were done in the open court that was in the middle of the palace. He saw them, indeed, but he could give no help, being but one against many. But the sight of the old man lying dead made him think of his own father, and so of his wife Creüsa, and of his little son Ascanius, and how he had left them at home alone and without defense.

As he thought to himself: "Shall I not return to them, for here I can do nothing?" he turned his eyes and saw Helen in the temple of Vesta. She was sitting by the altar, hoping to be safe in the holy place. She was greatly afraid, fearing the Trojans, upon whom she had brought ruin, and her husband whom she had deceived. When Æneas saw her he was full of rage; and he said to himself: "Shall this wicked woman go safe to Sparta? Shall she see again her home and her children, taking, it may be, women

of Troy to be her handmaidens? Shall Troy be burnt and King Priam be slain, and she, who is the cause of all this trouble, come to no harm? It shall not be; I myself will kill her. There is no glory in such a deed; who can get honor from the death of a woman? Nevertheless, I shall be taking vengeance for my kinsfolk and my countrymen."

But while he thought these things in his heart, there appeared to him his mother, Venus, in such a shape as he had never seen her before, not like a woman of the earth, but tall and fair, as the gods who dwell in Heaven see her. Venus said to him: "What means this rage, my son? Have you no thought for me? Have you forgotten your old father Anchises, and your wife, and your little son? Surely the fire had burnt them up long ago, if I had not cared for them, and preserved them. And as for Helen, why are you angry with her? It is not she, it is not Paris, that has brought this great city of Troy to ruin; it is the anger of the gods. See now; I will take away the mist that is over your eyes. Look there; see how Neptune, god of the sea, is overthrowing the walls with his three-forked spear, and is rooting up the city from its foundations! See there, again, how Juno stands in the great gate of the city, with a spear in her hand, and great hosts of Greeks from the ships! See how Minerva sits upon the citadel, with a storm

cloud round her, and her awful shield upon her arm! See how Father Jupiter stirs up the enemies of Troy! Fly, my son; I will be with you, and will not leave you till you reach your father's house." When she had so spoken she vanished into the night.

Then Æneas looked, as his mother bade him, and saw the dreadful forms of gods, and how they were destroying the city, and all the place seemed, as he looked, to be sinking down into the fire. Just as an oak in the mountains, at which the woodmen cut with their axes, bows its head, with its branches shaking round about it, till at last, after bearing many blows, it falls at once, and crashes down the side of the mountain, so Troy seemed to fall. When he had seen this, he turned to go to his home. His mother was by his side, though he could not see her, and he passed through the flames, and was not hurt, nor did the spear of the enemy wound him.

When he got to his home, he thought first of the old man, his father, and said to him: "Come now, let me carry you away from this city, to a safe place among the hills." But Anchises would not go. He did not wish to live in some strange country when Troy had been destroyed. "No," he said, "do you, who are strong and who have many days to live, fly. I will stay. If the gods had wished me to live, they would have preserved this place for me. It is enough

for me, yea, more than enough, that already I have seen the city taken, and lived. Say good-by to me, therefore, as you would say good-by to a dying man. Death I will find myself, or, at least, the enemy will find it for me, when they come. Already I have lived too long."

So Anchises spoke, nor could they persuade him to change his mind, though his son, and his son's wife, and even the little child Ascanius begged him with many tears. When Æneas saw that he could not change the old man's purpose, he was minded to go back to the battle and die. But his wife Creüsa threw herself on the ground and caught his feet. She held out to him the child Ascanius, and cried: "If you are going back to the battle that you may die there, then take your wife and child with you. For why should we live when you are dead? But if you have any hope that arms may help us, stay here, and guard your father and your wife and your son."

While she was speaking there happened a most wonderful thing. A fire was seen to shine upon the head of the child, Ascanius, to play round his long curls, and to sparkle on his forehead. His father and his mother saw it, and were astonished. At first they thought that it was real fire, and would have fetched water with which to put it out. But when the old man Anchises, who was wise in such matters, saw it,

he was very glad, for he knew that this was no common fire, but a token that the child was dear to the gods. He looked up to heaven, and cried: "O, Father Jupiter, if thou hearest prayer at all, hear me now, and give us a sign." While he was speaking, there was heard a great clap of thunder on the left hand, and a star was seen to shoot through the skies, leaving a long trail of light behind it, passing over the city, till it was hidden behind the woods of Ida. When the old man saw this he rose from the place where he was sitting, and bowed his head, and said: "I will make no more delay; lead on, and I will follow; O gods of my country, save my house, and my grandson. This sign came from you."

Then said Æneas, for the fire was coming nearer, and the light growing brighter, and the heat more fierce: "Climb, dear Father, on my shoulders; I will carry you, nor shall I be tired by the weight. We will be saved, or we will perish together. The little Ascanius shall go with me, and my wife shall follow behind, but not too near." Then he turned to the servants, and said: "Men of my house, listen to me. You know that as one goes out of the city, there is a tomb and a temple of Ceres in a lonely place, with an old cypress tree close by. That is the place where we will meet. Each by different ways, not all together, that we may not be seen by the enemy. And do you,

my father, take in your hands the images of the household gods. My hands are red with blood, and I must not touch holy things till I have washed them in running water."

Then he put a lion's skin upon his shoulders and stooped down, and the old man Anchises climbed upon them. And the boy Ascanius laid hold of his hand, keeping pace with his father as best he could with his little steps. And Creüsa followed behind. So he went, with many fears. He had not been afraid of the swords and spears of the enemy, but now he was full of fear for them who were with him, father and wife and child. But when he had nearly got to the gates of the city there happened a dreadful thing. There was heard a great sound of feet in the darkness; and the old man cried: "Fly, my son, fly; they are coming. I see the flashing of shields and swords." So Æneas hurried on, but his wife was separated from him. Whether she lost her way, or whether she was tired and sat down to rest herself, no one knew. Only Æneas never saw her again; nor did he know that she was lost, till all the company met at the appointed place, and she alone was not among them.

It seemed a most grievous thing to him, and he made loud complaints against both gods and men. Then he told his companions that they must take care of the old man and of Ascanius, and that he would go

ÆNEAS, ANCHISES, AND ASCANIUS.

and search for his wife. So he went first to the gate by which he had come out of the city. Then he went to his house, thinking that by some chance she might have gone back there. He found the house indeed, but the Greeks were there, and it was nearly burnt. After this he went to the citadel and to the palace of King Priam. Her he saw not, but he saw in the temple of Juno Ulysses and Phœnix keeping guard over the spoil, treasures from the temples, and cups of gold, and beautiful robes, and long lines of prisoners, women and children. And still he looked for his wife, going through all the streets of the city, and calling her name aloud.

While he was doing this her image seemed to stand before him. It was she, and yet another, so tall and beautiful did she seem. And the spirit said: "Why are you troubled? These things have come about by the will of the gods. Jupiter himself has ordered that your Creüsa should not sail across the seas with you. You have a long journey to make, and many seas to cross till you come to the land of Hesperia, to the place where the river Tiber flows softly through a fair and fertile land. There you shall have great prosperity, and shall marry a wife of royal race. Weep not for your Creüsa, and do not think that I shall be carried away to be the bond slave of some Greek lady. Such a lot would not be fitting for one who comes, as

I come, from the race of the kings of Troy and for her who was the daughter-in-law of Venus. The mother of the gods keeps me in this land to be her servant. And now farewell. Think sometimes of me, and love the child Ascanius, for he is your child and mine."

So spake the spirit; but when Æneas would have answered, it vanished out of his sight. Three times did he try to put his arms round her, and three times it seemed to slip away from him, being thin and light as air. And now the night was far spent and the morning was about to break. So he went back to his comrades and found, much to his joy, a great company of men and women, all ready to follow him, wherever he might lead them. And now the morning star, which goes before the sun, rose over Mount Ida, and Æneas seeing that the Greeks were in possession of Troy, and that there was no hope of help, again took his father on his shoulders, and went his way to the mountains, his people following him.

That summer Æneas and his companions built ships for the voyage, dwelling meantime on Mount Ida. By the next summer the work was finished, and the old man Anchises commanded that they should wait no longer. So they sailed, taking their gods with them, and seeking a new home.

Adapted from A. J. Church: *The Æneid for Boys and Girls.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. The Fall of Troy. 1. What were some of the chief events of the siege of Troy? 2. What were the different opinions about the Horse of Wood? 3. What did Laocoön advise? 4. "Beware of the Greeks, bearing gifts" has been a proverb. How would you apply it? 5. Who was Sinon? 6. How did the gods punish Laocoön for his good advice? 7. What goddess was especially concerned in this punishment? 8. What other names had she? 9. Have you ever seen a cast or photograph of the famous statue of Laocoön? 10. Describe the entrance of the Horse into Troy. 11. Tell in your own words the dream of Æneas. 12. Describe the fight at the palace of Priam. 13. Who is compared to a shepherd on a hill? to a great snake in springtime? to a swollen river? to a flock of doves?

II. The Escape of Æneas. 1. What thoughts of his own home did the death of Priam bring to Æneas? 2. What different thoughts were brought by the sight of Helen? 3. What counsel did Venus give him? 4. What gods were taking part in the destruction of Troy? 5. What can you tell me about each of these deities? What reasons did Anchises give for refusing to flee? 6. By what marvelous signs was he persuaded? 7. How was Creüsa lost? 8. What did her spirit prophesy for Æneas? 9. What new city was he to establish? 10. What passages show that Æneas was a good son? 11. Why was he so careful of the images of the household gods? 12. Is war more or less cruel and horrible now than in the days of Troy?

Æneas, e-nē′as
Laocoön, lā-ok′o-on
Sinon, sī′non
Pyrrhus, pĭr′rus
Hecuba, hek′ū-ba
Polites, pol-ī′tēz
Creüsa, cre-o͞o′sa
Ascanius, as-kān′i-us
Anchises, an-kī′sez
Cassandra, kas-săn′drä
Phœnix, fē′niks
Hesperia, hes-pē′ri-a

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

HELPS TO STUDY

This beautiful poem was written by David, the greatest of the Hebrew poets. Perhaps you already know about his fight with Goliath, his soothing King Saul with his music, his friendship with Jonathan, and the story of his son Absalom.

The Twenty-Third Psalm is translated from the Hebrew. It may not seem to you like poetry, for the rules for Hebrew poetry were very different from those for English poetry. One rule that David follows is to put two or three clauses that mean nearly

the same thing into one stanza. You can see the use of this rule in every stanza of the Twenty-Third Psalm.

1. Commit the poem to memory and practice reciting it aloud until you enjoy hearing yourself do it. 2. Which stanza seems to you most musical? 3. Which picture do you like best?

For Study with the Glossary. restoreth, righteousness, rod, staff, anointest.

IN BIBLE LANDS

To the ancient Hebrews, as to the ancient Greeks, our modern life is bound in many ways. If the Greeks taught the world some of the most important steps in civilization, the Hebrews have been the world's leaders in religion. The history of their struggles as a nation and of their attainment of great religious ideals is set forth in the Old Testament. The Bible is known to every one as the great guide in religion, but it should also be read and appreciated as literature.

The first selection, the Twenty-Third Psalm, is one of the most beautiful poems in any language; and the selections which follow make one of the most famous stories in all civilization, that of Joseph and his brethren.

Here we get a glimpse of another nation which early made long steps in civilization. Thousands of years ago, before Rome or Athens existed, there was

a powerful empire in the Nile Valley, with splendid buildings and cities, and with science, law, and religion. To this Egypt Joseph came as a poor boy sold as a slave. His father and mother had lived simple lives with their flocks on the mountains; but he became a ruler and prince in this land of the pyramids.

Whether in Canaan among the shepherds or in Egypt with the princes, how real the story seems. It all happened thousands of years ago; but brothers are still jealous of one another to-day, poor boys still prosper if they are wise and diligent, and a father's love for a son is one of the great forces in life now as then.

One other story in the Bible which tells of the relation of son and father may be compared with this of Joseph in its lasting interest as a story. In one of the parables in the New Testament, we are told of the prodigal son who went away from home and came to grief and returned to be forgiven. Joseph's experience was exactly the opposite, that of the boy who goes away from home, prospers, and is able to help his family. These two experiences have been repeated many, many times both in real life and in fiction. But never have the stories of the sorrow and joy which a boy may bring to his father been more beautifully told than in these Bible narratives. Nowhere else have the lessons both of duty and forgiveness been more clearly taught.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

I

And Jacob dwelt in the land of Canaan. Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf." And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" And they hated him yet more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." And he told it to his father and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother

and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to the earth?"

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Jacob said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them." And he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him:' and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And Reuben heard it and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him;" that he might restore him to his father.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him and cast him into a pit. And the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat

bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." And his brethren were content, and they lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And they brought the coat of many colors to their father; and said, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." And he knew it, and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And Jacob rent his clothes, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted: and he said, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourn-

ing." Thus his father wept for him. And the Ishmaelites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put in his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it." And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow. And behold seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never

saw in all the land of Egypt for badness. And the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke.

And I saw in my dream, and behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good. And behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears; and I told this unto the magicians, but there was none that could declare it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "God hath shown Pharaoh what he is about to do. Behold, there come

seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hands of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for a store to the land against the seven years of famine."

II

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee;" and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in the cities. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And the seven years of plenteousness were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said; and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die."

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him." And Joseph was the

governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, "Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies." And he said unto them, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

And Joseph said unto them, "Hereby ye shall be proved. By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proven, whether there be any truth in you: or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies." And he put them all together into ward three days. And

Joseph said unto them the third day, "If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in prison, but go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die."

And they said one to another, "We are very guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child;' and ye would not hear?" And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored; and lo, it is even in my sack;" and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob their father, and told him all that had befallen them. And Jacob their father said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee; deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." And he said, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food." And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.'" And their father Jacob said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits in the land, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds. And take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your

brother, and arise, go again unto the man, and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin."

III

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" And they answered, "Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive." And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious

unto thee, my son." And Joseph made haste; for he did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep: and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves, because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money." And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which

my lord drinketh? Ye have done evil in so doing.'" And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, "Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold, the money which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then shall we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be thy lord's bondmen." And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless."

Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; for he was yet there: and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, "What deed is this that ye have done?" And Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is

found." And he said, "God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near him, and said, "O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.' And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord.

"And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and surely he is torn

in pieces. And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.' Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known to his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he

said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two

years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to save your lives. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all

the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast. And there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.' And behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived; and he said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

THE BIBLE: Genesis xxvii–xlv.

HELPS TO STUDY

Canaan, where Jacob lived and kept his flocks, was the part of Palestine between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean Sea. Jacob had twelve sons, of whom Reuben was the oldest and Benjamin the youngest. Joseph and Benjamin were the sons of Jacob's second wife and so they were half-brothers to the older children.

This selection tells how it happened that the Hebrews emigrated to Egypt, where they became acquainted with a civilization far older than that of Greece.

I. 1. Where is Canaan? 2. How does Jacob make a living? 3. How does he show that he loves Joseph best? 4. Tell the story of Joseph's dreams. 5. How does the first one make his brothers feel? How does the second make his father feel? 6. Tell the story of the first plot against Joseph; of the second plot. 7. Who are the Ishmaelites? 8. What is your opinion of Reuben? of Judah? 9. What lie is told to Jacob?

10. Where is Egypt, and what do you know about it? What great Egyptian monuments do travelers still visit? 11. Is Joseph treated like a slave? 12. How do you know that he deserves a high position? 13. Tell the story of Pharaoh's dream and of Joseph's explanation. 14. What good advice does Joseph offer?

II. 1. How does Pharaoh follow Joseph's advice? 2. How do Pharaoh's dreams come true? 3. How do Joseph's dreams come true? 4. Who speaks for the brothers? 5. How do they show their repentance for their jealousy? 6. How does Jacob feel when his sons deliver Joseph's message? 7. When the corn is gone, how does he hope to please the ruler of Egypt?

III. 1. Tell the story in your own words. 2. Why does Joseph love Benjamin most? 3. Who speaks for the brothers this time? 4. Tell what Judah says, using his words as far as you can. 5. How does he show his sincerity? 6. How does Joseph show that he has truly forgiven his brothers' ill-treatment of him? 7. What is the end of the story?

For Study with the Glossary. *Proper Names:* Canaan, Shechem, Dothan, Ishmaelites, Gilead, Potiphar, Pharaoh.

I. sheaf, obeisance, spicery, balm, myrrh, pieces of silver, kine, well-favored, ill-favored, magicians.

II. chariot, corn, dearth, peradventure, ward, verified, interpreter, provender, bereaved, protest.

III. yearn, refrained, birthright, messes, bondmen, iniquity, surety, tarry.

After many years the descendants of Jacob and his sons were so badly treated by the rulers of Egypt that they wished to flee to another land. Moses was the great leader who guided them to the border of the Promised Land, as the Hebrews called their new home beyond the Red Sea. Moses was also a writer, a lawgiver, and a prophet. The Ten Commandments are the most famous of his laws. His life was full of extraordinary happenings, beginning when, as a baby, he was found and adopted by Pharoah's daughter. He was educated at the court and became, like Joseph, a ruler in Egypt. Moses did not himself enter the Promised Land; he died " this side Jordan's wave," as the poem says.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. . . . So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." — Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1–6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight:
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword, —
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor —
The hillside for a pall, —
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall, —
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of Him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What do you know about the life of Moses? 2. Where was Moab? 3. Who dug the grave? 4. How silent was the funeral procession? 5. What are the only living creatures that might have seen it? 6. Select the passages that make you feel the grandeur of the funeral. 7. Compare the burial of Moses with that of other great men. 8. What is the lesson of his secret burial? 9. Why do you enjoy reading the poem aloud? What is unusual, in each stanza, about the line next to the last?

For Study with the Glossary. Nebo, Moab, sepulcher, train, verdure, perchance, Beth-peor, eyrie, stalking, reversed, sage, bard, minster, transept, emblazoned, philosopher, pall, bier.

After the burial of Moses, the Hebrews settled in the Promised Land and built at Jerusalem a beautiful temple. Years later the Chaldeans made war upon Jerusalem, and carried off the rich treasures of the temple, and also many captives. Daniel, a youth of noble birth, was one of them. He was taken to Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, one of the most magnificent of ancient cities.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, and his wives might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his princes, and his wives drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that his joints were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of

gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom." Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said, "O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: there is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is

in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof; but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing; and I have heard of thee,

that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another;

yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour: and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will. And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, and thy wives have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified: then was the

part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

"And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about three score and two years old.

THE BIBLE: Daniel v.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Tell the story in your own words. 2. Where does it take place? 3. Who is Belshazzar? 4. Who is Daniel? 5. How does Belshazzar insult the God of the Israelites? 6. Do you think that he resembles Nebuchadnezzar in any way? 7. What seems to you the strangest part of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar? 8. What was he punished for? 9. What do we mean when we say that we can read the writing on the wall? when we say a man has been weighed in the balance and found wanting?

For Study with the Glossary. Belshazzar, Nebuchadnezzar, Chaldeans, Darius, Median, astrologers, soothsayers.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

Byron's famous poem is based on a single verse (2 Kings xix. 35) of the Bible story. The King of Assyria, Sennacherib, had come with a mighty army to capture Jerusalem. "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they [the remainder] arose early in the morning, behold, they [the others] were all dead corpses."

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

LORD BYRON.

HELPS TO STUDY

Read the poem at home if you can, and read it aloud, for in that way you will enjoy it most.

1. What happens in the poem? 2. Where is Galilee? 3. Who is the wolf? 4. What is the fold? 5. What lines describe the splendor of the Assyrian host? 6. What lines make us feel that it was very large? 7. Describe the camp after the Angel of Death has passed. 8. What is meant by Ashur? Baal? the Gentile? 9. Point out all the comparisons in the poem and say which you like best. 10. Which picture seems to you the finest? 11. Does the poem move slower or faster than "The Burial of Moses"? 12. Commit it to memory.

For Study with the Glossary. *Proper Names:* Sennacherib, Assyrian, Galilee, Ashur, Baal, Gentile.

Other Words: fold, cohorts, sheen, waxed, heaved.

MYTHS OF THE NORTHLAND

From Egypt and Palestine we are to journey now to the north of Europe. When Joseph was ruling in Egypt, that was the most civilized portion of the world. It was not until many centuries later that the Greeks surpassed the Egyptians in art and government. It was still many centuries later that the Romans began to have some warfare and commerce with the Teutonic peoples of northern Europe. These people had then made little progress in civilization, but they had their myths or stories about gods and creation, and their legends of half divine heroes.

These Teutonic peoples gradually spread over Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, England, and indeed the greater part of western Europe. But we should know very little about their myths and stories if these had not been preserved in far-away Iceland. From this Icelandic literature we learn much about the gods and heroes who were probably at one time well known over all northern Europe. In our own day, the great musician Richard Wagner has used these stories for his series of operas.

The chief of these northern gods was Odin. His name was pronounced Woden by the Anglo-Saxons, and our Wednesday is Wodensday. Thor, the Thunderer, who gave his name to Thursday (Thor's day), and Loki, the mischief-maker, are the next in prominence. It is not easy to say just what the duties of the other gods were, but you will learn something about them in the selections which follow. You will often note resemblances between them and the gods and heroes of Greece. But you will also often be reminded that you are no longer on the windy plains

of Troy or in sunny and luxurious Egypt, but in the dark, cold winter of the North. North and South, however, are alike in praising wisdom and bravery. Even in the beginnings of civilization our ancestors of long ago were forming their tales of wonder and their ideals of heroism.

When the gods had formed the earth — which they called Midgard — they chose the most beautiful spot they could find for their home. In the very center of the earth rose a lofty mountain, and on the top of it was a broad, lovely meadow where the gods built their shining city of Asgard. In the midst of the city was a spacious hall, made of gold and the purest marble, and here were the thrones where the gods sat in council. Beyond the hall were the palaces of the gods and goddesses, also made of marble and silver or gold, and near by was a huge smithy where the gods forged the weapons needed to defend their city from their enemies, the frost-giants.

From Asgard to Midgard the gods stretched a rainbow bridge which they called Bifrost; and over this they passed and repassed on their frequent journeys to the earth. There was no human being on the earth at this time, and the gods felt sorry that no eyes but their own could look upon the fruitful, blossoming land. No one plowed the fields or built houses, or sailed in ships across the seas. No voices of children rang over the meadows; no sound of the reaper's scythe broke

the stillness of the fields; and no ringing of metal on the smith's firm anvil was heard throughout the silent earth.

Then the gods took some of the earth mold and made of it a host of tiny creatures which they called Dwarfs, or Gnomes; but when Odin saw how ugly they were, with their misshapen bodies and great heads, he condemned them to live underground and never to come up into the light of day. So the dwarfs spent their time delving into the heart of the earth for gold and silver and precious stones; and they became the cleverest workmen at their tiny forges, making wonderful things of every kind of metal. They were cunning, too, and kept their secrets well, so that neither gods nor men knew the hiding-place of their treasures.

Besides the dwarfs, the gods made the Fairies, or Elves, but these were so airily and daintily fashioned that they seemed to belong to the sky instead of the earth. So the gods built the fairy folk a home between Midgard and Asgard, a beautiful place called Elfland, all made of rainbow colors and moonbeams, and gossamer silks and delicate spiders' webs. The gods also gave these little people gauzy wings so that they could fly down to earth and play with the butterflies, and make caps of harebells, and dance in the moonlight round a fairy ring. They were never wicked and spiteful like the Gnomes, though they sometimes liked to play good-natured tricks on stupid people; and for-

tunate indeed was the child who won a fairy for a friend.

One day Odin and Hoenir and Loki were walking about on the earth; and as they drew near to the sea-shore they saw two stately trees, an ash and an elm, standing side by side. Then Odin took the trees, and out of them he made two living beings that resembled the gods themselves in form and feature. Hoenir touched their foreheads that they might have sight and wisdom, and Loki gave them warm blood, with the power to speak and hear and feel. Thus man and woman were created; and the gods called the man Ask, and the woman Embla, from the names of the trees from which they were made.

EMILIE KIP BAKER: *Stories of Northern Myths.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where was the dwelling place of the gods of the northland? 2. What was the name of their city? 3. What was the bridge Bifrost? 4. How were the gnomes made? 5. How did they spend their time? 6. Where was the home of the elves? 7. What three gods are mentioned? 8. According to the myth, how did they create the first man and first woman? 9. What names did they receive? 10. What was the dwelling place of the Greek gods? 11. What resemblance is there between it and Asgard? 12. Who forged the weapons for the Greek gods? 13. Where did the northern gods have their smithy? 14. What peoples worshiped Odin?

Odin, O′din. **Hoenir**, Hē′nir. **Loki**, Lō′ki.

SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR AND THE MAKING OF THE HAMMER

I

Among the gods there was one who was really unfit to be a god and to live in the shining city of Asgard. He was the cause of much trouble and mischief in his frequent journeys to the earth, and he brought evil upon even the gods themselves. But as Loki was the brother of Odin, he could not very well be banished from Asgard; so the gods endured his presence as best they could. Loki did many unkind things that the gods never heard of; but once he met with just punishment for his meanness. This was the time that he robbed Sif of her golden hair.

Sif was the wife of Thor, the god of thunder. She had beautiful long hair that fell over her shoulders like a shower of gold, and of this she was very proud. One day Sif fell asleep on the steps of Thor's palace, and while she lay there sleeping Loki came walking by. There was nothing so dear to Loki as a chance to do mischief, and he never saw anything beautiful without wishing to spoil it; so when he found Sif asleep, he stole up softly behind her and cut off her golden hair.

When Sif awoke at last and saw what had happened,

she began to cry bitterly, for her golden hair was the pride and joy of Thor, and she was afraid that he would never want to look at her again now that it was gone. So she got up from the steps where she was sitting, and went away to hide in the garden. When Thor came home, he looked for her all through the palace, and went from room to room calling her name. Not finding her in the house, he went out into the garden, and after searching for a long time finally found poor Sif behind a stone, sobbing bitterly. When he heard her story, he tried to comfort her the best he could, but Sif continued weeping and covered her shorn head with her arms.

"I know who did this shameful thing," cried Thor, wrathfully; "it was that mischief-maker Loki, but this time he shall pay dearly for his wickedness." And he strode out of the palace with a look so threatening that even the gods might have trembled before him. Now Loki was not expecting to be caught so soon, and he had not thought of seeking a hiding place; so when Thor came suddenly upon him he was too frightened to try to escape. He even forgot his ready lies, and when Thor shook him angrily and threatened to kill him for his wicked act, he made no denial, only begged for mercy and promised to restore to Sif the hair he had cut off. Thor, therefore, released him, after binding him by a solemn oath to fulfill his promise.

The real hair which Loki had cut off he had already lost, so to keep his word to Thor he must find something else which would resemble it closely enough to make Sif believe she had indeed her own hair again. As there was only one place where skillful and cunning work like this could be done, Loki crossed the rainbow bridge that spans the gulf between Asgard and the earth, and hurried to the tall mountain which hides, amid its rocks, the entrance to the lower world. No one but a god, or one of the swarthy elves themselves, could have found this hidden opening, but Loki knew it well. He first looked for a tiny stream which flowed along at the foot of the mountain. This he followed to its source in a deep cave among the rocks; and, when he came to the spot where it bubbled up from the ground, he raised a huge log that was lying, apparently by chance, close beside it. This disclosed a small passage leading down into the very center of the earth, and along this path Loki hastened, often stumbling about in the darkness, until he came to the underworld where lived the swarthy elves. They were busily engaged in their wonderful workshop, which was lighted only by the fires from the forge, but when they saw Loki they laid down their tools and asked him how they could serve him.

"I have a task," answered Loki, "which requires such great skill to perform that I hardly dare ask you to attempt it. It is nothing less than for you to make of

your gold some locks of hair that will be as soft and fine and beautiful as the golden hair which adorns the head of Sif, the wife of Thor. You have heard, no doubt, of its beauty, so you know how difficult a task I have given you."

The elves, nothing daunted, set at once to work, and selecting a bar of perfect gold they pounded it very soft, then spun it into threads so fine that they looked like sunbeams, and so soft that they felt like silk. When the work was finished and placed in Loki's hand, it exceeded in beauty anything he had ever seen, and he felt sure that Thor could not complain of his gift. Then he thanked the swarthy elves and hastened with his prize back to Asgard and to the palace of Thor, where all the gods had assembled to see the fulfillment of Loki's promise.

In spite of the success of his undertaking, the fear of Thor's hasty temper kept Loki somewhat humbled, for the Thunderer had been known to crush the object of his anger with his hammer when once his wrath was fully roused. His face was now dark and threatening as Loki approached, and beside him stood Sif, weeping bitterly, and trying to cover her head with her hands. But Loki came up boldly and placed the golden hair which the elves had made upon her head. To the astonishment of all, it immediately grew fast, and no one could have told that it was not her own golden hair.

So Sif was proud and happy once again, and Loki was forgiven.

When Loki went to the underground home of the elves to find the golden hair for Sif, he thought that it would be as well to get two other gifts — one for Odin and one for Freyr — so that their anger would fall less heavily on him for his cruelty to Thor's beautiful wife. The dwarfs were always very glad to help Loki when he was in trouble, for they, too, delighted in mischief-making; so when he asked them for the other two gifts, they gladly set to work. The spun gold hair they had already placed in Loki's hands; and now they hurried about, getting together a hundred different materials to use in their work; for things of earth, air, fire, and water went into the making of the wonderful gifts that came from the hands of the elves.

In a short time they handed to the waiting god a spear that would always hit the mark no matter how badly it was thrown, and a marvelous boat that would fold up into a tiny package, but could also expand large enough to hold all the gods and goddesses in Asgard. Loki was delighted with these gifts and hurried with them back to Odin's council hall where the gods had assembled to pass judgment on him for his cruel treatment of Sif.

II

Though the hair of spun gold proved to be so perfect that Loki had nothing to fear from Thor's anger, he saw that Odin was still displeased and was looking at him with stern brows. So the wily god produced his two other gifts, and handed the spear to Odin and the boat to Freyr. Both the gods were delighted with the clever workmanship of the elves; and all the company were so busy examining Loki's gifts that they did not notice the dwarf Brock, who had followed Loki to Asgard and was now standing in the shadow of Odin's throne.

When the gods grew loud in their approval of the magic spear and boat, Brock could contain his anger no longer and cried out: "Can you find nothing better than those petty toys to praise? My brother Sindri can make far more wonderful things than these." At this boastful interference Loki grew very angry and said: "Prove it, then; for I know that your brother is only a stupid workman. Let us make a wager that you cannot bring here three gifts better than those you scorn; and whichever of us loses in the contest shall pay for it with his head." Brock accepted the challenge and set off at once to the cave where Sindri kept his dwarfs at work night and day.

He told his brother of the wager he had made with

Loki, and Sindri laughed and promised that the god's head should hang that night in the cave as a trophy. Then he made ready a huge fire, and as he worked busily over his tools he bade Brock keep the bellows going as hard as he could so that the flames would leap higher and higher. Then, when he thought the right moment had come, he threw into the fire a pigskin; and bidding Brock keep steadily at work on the bellows, he left the cave.

The dwarf blew hard at the fire, and the forge gleamed so brightly that the whole cave was lit up, and Brock could see the piles of gold and silver and glittering gems that lay all around. Then suddenly an enormous gadfly flew into the room; and, lighting on his hand, stung him so badly that he roared with pain. Still he did not take his hand from the bellows, for, with the cunning of his race, he knew that the gadfly was none other than Loki, who had taken this form hoping to spoil Sindri's work.

When the master smith returned, he looked eagerly at the forge and saw that the fire glowed as brightly as ever. So he muttered a few magic words over the flame and drew forth a golden boar. This he handed to his brother, saying that the boar had the power to fly through the air, and shed light from his golden bristles as he flew. Brock was so much pleased with this gift that he said nothing about his swollen hand; and when

THEN SUDDENLY AN ENORMOUS GADFLY FLEW INTO THE ROOM.

Sindri asked him to keep his place at the bellows, he willingly agreed.

The smith then threw a lump of gold into the flames; and bidding Brock keep the fire at white heat, he again left the cave. Brock began to work harder than ever at the bellows; and as the fire glowed so that it seemed like daylight in the room, the gadfly flew at him and stung him on the neck. He screamed with pain and tried to shake off his tormentor, but still he kept faithfully at his work and never lifted his hand a moment from the bellows. When Sindri returned he found the fire glowing brightly, and, leaning over it, he pulled out of the flames a fine gold ring, which every ninth night would drop nine gold rings as wonderful as itself.

Brock was so delighted with this gift that he almost forgot about his wounded neck; and obediently kept his place at the bellows. Then Sindri threw a lump of iron into the fire, and bidding his brother work steadily at his task — for this was the most important gift of all — he went out of the cave. Brock grasped the bellows firmly, and began to work with all his might. Just as the flames were leaping fiercely and the room seemed lit by a million candles, the gadfly flew at Brock and stung him between the eyes.

The poor little dwarf was almost frantic from the pain of the wound and from the blood that poured

into his eyes. But though dazed and blinded so that he could hardly see the fire, he kept doggedly at work on the bellows, only lifting one hand for a moment to wipe the blood from his eyes. The fire had been glowing like a furnace, but in that one instant the flames burned less brightly, and Sindri — who had just entered the room — began to berate his brother for his carelessness. Then the smith drew out of the fire a mighty hammer, perfect in every way except that the handle was too short, owing to Brock's having lifted his hand a moment from the bellows.

Sindri gave the three gifts to his brother, and bade him hasten to Asgard, and bring back the head of Loki as payment for the last wager. When the dwarf reached Odin's council hall, the gods had assembled to decide the contest, for every one was eager to see what gifts Sindri had sent. Brock handed the ring to Odin, who praised it highly and said, "Now, I shall never want for gold." Freyr was delighted with his gift of the golden boar and said that it would be much more entertaining to ride on its back than in Loki's magic boat. Lastly Brock gave the wonderful hammer Miölner to Thor, saying, "Here is a hammer which can crush mountains, can cause lightning and thunder when it swings through the air, and will always come back to your hand no matter how far you may throw it." Then the dwarf turned to Odin and said, "Decide now

between Loki and me, O Wise One, and declare whose gifts are worth most to Asgard."

Though the gods were reluctant to condemn one of their number in favor of a dwarf, there was no disputing the fact that Thor's hammer was worth more than all of Loki's gifts, for it meant a sure protection to Asgard from the attacks of the frost giants. So Odin declared that Brock had won the wager, and that Loki must pay the forfeit with his head. Now Loki had no intention of submitting to this decree, so he first offered the dwarf a huge sum of money as a ransom; but Brock angrily refused the gold, and insisted that the bargain should be kept. Then Loki cried out, "Well, you must catch me first," and sped off on his magic shoes, which could carry him through the air and over the water with wonderful swiftness. As Brock knew he could never catch the fugitive, he grew black with rage, and turned upon Odin, crying, "Is this the way that the gods keep faith, or shall the word of Odin stand fast?" Now all the company knew well that a promise made by even the meanest among them must be held sacred; so Odin sent Thor after Loki. In his swift chariot, drawn by the snow-white goats, the Thunderer easily overtook the runaway and brought him back to Asgard. Then Loki saw that he must save his life by cunning, and he said to Brock, "You may take my head if you wish, but you must not touch my neck."

Now as this was obviously impossible, the dwarf knew that he was outwitted by the crafty Loki, so he went away fuming with rage and disappointment. But before he left Asgard, he took out of his pocket an awl and a thong, and sewed Loki's lips together so that, for a while at least, the tricky god could not do any more boasting.

EMILIE K. BAKER: *Stories of Northern Myths.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Who was Loki? Thor? Sif? 2. What happened to Sif's golden hair? 3. What did Thor do to Loki? 4. What promise did Loki make? 5. What journey did he take? 6. Describe the home of the swarthy elves. 7. How did Loki keep his promise? 8. What presents did he bring for Odin and Freyr? 9. What Greek god was often called the Thunderer?

II. 1. Who followed Loki back to Asgard? 2. What boast did he make about his brother? 3. What wager did he make with Loki? 4. How did Sindri and Brock set to work? 5. How did Loki try to interrupt them? 6. What came out of the fire in place of the pigskin? 7. What came in place of the lump of gold? 8. What came from the lump of iron? 9. Which was the most valuable of the three products of the forge? 10. How did Loki and Brock settle their wager?

Sif, sĭf. **Thor**, thôr. **Freyr**, frâr. **Brock**, brŏk. **Sindri**, sĭn′dri. **Miölner**, mi ol′ner.

HOW THOR WENT TO THE LAND OF GIANTS

I

Once on a time, Thor and Loki set out on a journey from Asgard, the city of the gods, to Giants' Home, accompanied by Thialfi, their servant. They crossed the sea, and then journeyed on, on, on in the strange, barren, misty land. Sometimes they crossed great mountains; sometimes they had to make their way among torn and rugged rocks, which often, through the mist, appeared to them to wear the forms of men, and once for a whole day they traversed a thick and tangled forest. In the evening of that day, being very tired, they saw with pleasure that they had come upon a spacious hall, of which the door, as broad as the house itself, stood wide open.

"Here we may very comfortably lodge for the night," said Thor; and they went in and looked about them.

The house appeared to be perfectly empty; there was a wide hall, and five smaller rooms opening into it. They were, however, too tired to examine it carefully, and as no inhabitants made their appearance, they ate their supper in the hall, and lay down to sleep. But they had not rested long before they were disturbed by

strange noises, groanings, mutterings, and snortings, louder than any animal that they had ever seen in their lives could make. By and by the house began to shake from side to side, and it seemed as if the very earth trembled. Thor sprang up in haste, and ran to the open door; but, though he looked earnestly into the starlit forest, there was no enemy to be seen anywhere. Loki and Thialfi, after groping about for a time, found a sheltered chamber to the right, where they thought they could finish their night's rest in safety; but Thor, with Miölner, his hammer, in his hand, watched at the door of the house all night. As soon as the day dawned he went out into the forest, and there, stretched on the ground close by the house, he saw the strange, uncouth, gigantic shape of a man, out of whose nostrils came a breath which swayed the trees to their very tops. There was no need to wonder any longer what the disturbing noises had been. Thor fearlessly walked up to this strange monster to have a better look at him; but at the sound of his footsteps the giant shape rose slowly, stood up to an immense height, and looked down upon Thor with two great misty eyes, like blue mountain lakes.

"Who are you?" said Thor, standing on tiptoe, and stretching his neck to look up; "and why do you make such a noise as to prevent your neighbors from sleeping?"

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant sternly; "I need not ask yours. You are little Thor of Asgard; but pray, now, have you done with my glove?"

As he spoke he stooped down, and picked up the hall where Thor and his companions had passed the night, and which, in truth, was nothing more than his glove, the room where Loki and Thialfi had slept being the thumb.

Thor rubbed his eyes, and felt as if he must be dreaming. Rousing himself, however, he raised his hammer in his hand, and trying to keep his eyes fixed on the giant's face, which seemed to be always changing, he said, "It is time that you should know, Skrymir, that I am come to Giants' Home to fight and conquer such evil giants as you are, and, little as you think me, I am ready to try my strength against yours."

"Try it, then," said the giant.

And Thor, without another word, threw his hammer at his head.

"Ah! Ah!" said the giant; "did a leaf touch me?"

Again Thor seized his hammer, which always returned to his hand, however far he cast it from him, and threw it with all his force.

The giant put up his hand to his forehead. "I think," he said, "that an acorn must have fallen on my head."

A third time Thor struck a blow, the heaviest that

ever fell from the hand of a god; but this time the giant laughed out loud.

"There is surely a bird on that tree," he said, "who has let a feather fall on my face."

Then, without taking any further notice of Thor, he swung an immense wallet over his shoulder, and, turning his back upon him, struck into a path that led from the forest. When he had got a little way he looked round, his immense face appearing less like a human countenance than some strange, uncouthly shaped stone.

"Thor," he said, "let me give you a piece of good advice before I go. When you get to our city, don't make much of yourself. You think me a tall man, but you have taller still to see; and you yourself are a very little manikin. Turn back home whence you came, and be satisfied to have learned something of yourself by your journey to Giants' Home.

"Manikin or not, *that* will I never do," shouted Thor after the giant. "We shall meet again, and something more shall we learn, or teach each other."

The giant, however, did not turn back to answer, and Thor and his companions, after looking for some time after him, resumed their journey. Before the sun was quite high in the heavens they came out of the forest, and at noon they found themselves on a vast barren plain, where stood a great city, whose walls of dark,

rough stone were so high that Thor had to bend his head quite far back to see the top of them. When they approached the entrance of this city, they found that the gates were closed and barred; but the space between the bars was so large that Thor passed through easily, and his companions followed him. The streets of the city were gloomy and still. They walked on for some time without meeting any one; but at length they came to a very high building, of which the gates stood open.

"Let us go in and see what is going on here," said Thor; and they went. After crossing the threshold they found themselves in an immense banqueting hall. A table stretched from one end to the other of it; stone thrones stood round the table, and on every throne sat a giant, each one, as Thor glanced round, appearing more grim, and cold, and stony than the rest. One among them sat on a raised seat, and appeared to be the chief; so to him Thor approached and paid his greetings.

The giant chief just glanced at him, and, without rising, said, in a somewhat careless manner, "It is, I think, a foolish custom to tease tired travelers with questions about their journey. I know without asking that you, little fellow, are Thor. Perhaps, however, you may be in reality taller than you appear; and as it is a rule here that no one shall sit down to table till he

has performed some wonderful feat, let us hear what you and your followers are famed for, and in what way you choose to prove yourselves worthy to sit down in the company of giants."

At this speech, Loki, who had entered the hall cautiously behind Thor, pushed himself forward.

"The feat for which I am most famed," he said, "is eating, and it is one which I am just now inclined to perform with right good will. Put food before me, and let me see if any of your followers can dispatch it as quickly as I can."

"The feat you speak of is one by no means to be despised," said the King, "and there is one here who would be glad to try his powers against yours. Let Logi," he said to one of his followers, "be summoned to the hall."

At this, a tall, thin, yellow-faced man approached, and a large trough of meat having been placed in the middle of the hall, Loki set to work at one end, and Logi at the other, and they began to eat. The giants all turned their slow-moving eyes to watch them, and in a few moments they met in the middle of the trough. It seemed, at first, as if they had both eaten exactly the same quantity; but, when the thing came to be examined into, it was found that Loki had, indeed, eaten up all the meat, but that Logi had also eaten the bones and the trough. Then the giants nodded their huge

heads, and determined that Loki was conquered. The King now turned to Thialfi, and asked what he could do.

"I was thought swift of foot among the youth of my own country," answered Thialfi; "and I will, if you please, try to run a race with any one here."

"You have chosen a noble sport, indeed," said the King; "but you must be a good runner if you can beat him with whom I shall match you."

Then he called a slender lad, Hugi by name, and the whole company left the hall, and, going out by an opposite gate to that by which Thor had entered, they came out to an open space, which made a noble race ground. There the goal was fixed, and Thialfi and Hugi started off together.

Thialfi ran fast — fast as the reindeer that hears the wolves howling behind; but Hugi ran so much faster that, passing the goal, he turned round, and met Thialfi halfway in the course.

"Try again, Thialfi," cried the King; and Thialfi, once more taking his place, flew along the course with feet scarcely touching the ground — swiftly as an eagle when, from his mountain crag, he swoops on his prey in the valley; but with all his running he was still a good bowshot from the goal when Hugi reached it.

"You are certainly a good runner," said the King; "but if you mean to win, you must do a little better still

than this; but perhaps you wish to surprise us all the more this third time."

The third time, however, Thialfi was wearied, and though he did his best, Hugi, having reached the goal, turned and met him not far from the starting point.

The giants again looked at each other, and declared that there was no need of further trial, for Thialfi was conquered.

II

It was now Thor's turn, and all the company looked eagerly at him, while the king asked by what wonderful feat he chose to distinguish himself.

"I will try a drinking match with any of you," Thor said shortly; for, to tell the truth, he cared not to perform anything very worthy in the company in which he found himself.

King Utgard appeared pleased with his choice, and when the giants had resumed their seats in the hall, he ordered one of his servants to bring in his drinking cup, which it was his custom to make his guests drain at a draft.

"There!" he said, handing it to Thor, "we call it well drunk if a person empties it at a single draft. Some, indeed, take two to it; but the very weakest can manage it in three."

Thor looked into the cup; it appeared to him long,

but not so very large after all, and, being thirsty, he put it to his lips, and thought to make short work of it, and empty it at one good, hearty pull. He drank, and put the cup down again; but instead of being empty, it was now just so full that it could be moved without spilling.

"Ha! ha! You are keeping all your strength for the second pull, I see," said Utgard, looking in. Without answering, Thor lifted the cup again and drank with all his might till his breath failed; but when he put down the cup, the liquor had only sunk down a little from the brim.

"If you mean to take three drafts to it," said Utgard, "you are really leaving yourself a very unfair share for the last time. Look to yourself, Thor, for if you do not acquit yourself better in other feats, we shall not think so much of you here as they say the gods do in Asgard."

At this speech Thor felt angry, and seizing the cup again, he drank a third time, deeper and longer than he had yet done; but when he looked into the cup, he saw that a very small part only of its contents had disappeared. Wearied and disappointed, he put the cup down, and said he would try no more to empty it.

"It is pretty plain," said the King, looking round on the company, "that Thor is by no means the kind of man we always supposed him to be."

"Nay," said Thor, "I am willing to try another feat, and you yourselves shall choose what it shall be."

"Well," said the King, "there is a game at which our children are used to play. A short time ago I dare not

have named it to Thor; but now I am curious to see how he will bear himself in it. It is merely to lift my cat from the ground — a childish amusement truly."

As he spoke a large gray cat sprang into the hall, and

Thor, stooping forward, put his hand under it to lift it up. He tried gently at first; but by degrees he put forth all his strength, tugging and straining as he had never done before; but the utmost he could do was to raise one of the cat's paws a little way from the ground.

"It's just as I thought," said King Utgard, looking round with a smile; "but we are all willing to allow that the cat *is* large, and Thor but a little fellow."

"Little as you think me," cried Thor, "who is there who will dare to wrestle with me in my anger?"

"In truth," said the King, "I don't think there is any one here who would choose to wrestle with you; but, if wrestle you must, I will call in that old crone, Elli. She has, in her time, laid low many a better man than Thor has shown himself to be."

The crone came. She was old, withered, and toothless, and Thor shrank from the thought of wrestling with her; but he had no choice. She threw her arms round him, and drew him toward the ground, and the harder he tried to free himself, the tighter grew her grasp. They struggled long. Thor strove bravely, but a strange feeling of weakness and weariness came over him, and at length he tottered and fell down on one knee before her. At this sight all the giants laughed aloud, and Utgard, coming up, desired the old woman to leave the hall, and proclaimed that the trials were over. No one of his followers would *now* contend with Thor, he said, and night

was approaching. He then invited Thor and his companions to sit down at the table, and spend the night with him as his guests. Thor, though feeling somewhat perplexed and mortified, accepted his invitation courteously, and showed, by his agreeable behavior during the evening, that he knew how to bear being conquered with a good grace.

In the morning, when Thor and his companions were leaving the city, the King himself accompanied them without the gates; and Thor, looking steadily at him when he turned to bid him farewell, perceived, for the first time, that he was the very same Giant Skrymir with whom he had met in the forest.

"Come now, Thor," said the giant, with a strange sort of smile on his face, "tell me truly, before you go, how you think your journey has turned out, and whether or not I was right in saying that you would meet with better men than yourself in Giants' Home."

"I confess freely," answered Thor, looking up without any false shame on his face, "that I have borne myself but humbly, and it grieves me; for I know that in Giants' Home, henceforward, it will be said I am a man of little worth."

"By my troth! no," cried the giant, heartily. "Never should you have come into my city if I had known what a mighty man of valor you really are; and now that you are safely out of it, I will, for once, tell the truth to you,

Thor. All this time I have been deceiving you by my enchantments. When you met me in the forest, and hurled your Miölner at my head, I should have been crushed by the weight of your blows had I not skillfully placed a mountain between myself and you, on which the strokes of your hammer fell, and where you cleft three deep ravines, which shall henceforth become verdant valleys. In the same manner I deceived you about the contests in which you engaged last night. When Loki and Logi sat down before the trough, Loki, indeed, ate like hunger itself; but Logi is fire, who, with eager, consuming tongue, licked up both bones and trough. Thialfi is the swiftest of mortal runners; but the slender lad, Hugi, was my thought; and what speed can ever equal his? So it was in your own trials. When you took such deep drafts from the horn, you little knew what a wonderful feat you were performing. The other end of that horn reached the ocean, and when you come to the shore you will see how far its waters have fallen away, and how much the deep sea itself has been diminished by your draft. Hereafter, men watching the going out of the tide will call it the ebb, or draft of Thor. Scarcely less wonderful was the prowess you displayed in the second trial. What appeared to you to be a cat, was, in reality, the serpent which encircles the world. When we saw you succeed in moving it, we trembled lest the very foundations of

earth and sea should be shaken by your strength. Nor need you be ashamed of having been overthrown by the old woman, for she is old age; and there never has, and never will be, one whom she has not the power to lay low. We must now part, and you had better not come here again, or attempt anything further against my city; for I shall always defend it by fresh enchantments, and you will never be able to do anything against me."

At these words Thor raised Miölner, and was about to challenge the giant to a fresh trial of strength; but, before he could speak, Skrymir vanished from his sight; and, turning round to look for the city, he found that it, too, had disappeared, and that he was standing alone on a smooth, green, empty plain.

"What a fool I have been," said Thor, aloud, "to allow myself to be deceived by a mountain giant!"

"Ah," answered a voice from above, "I told you, you would learn to know yourself better by your journey to Giants' Home. It is the great use of traveling."

Thor turned quickly round again, thinking to see Skrymir behind him; but, after looking on every side, he could perceive nothing, but that a high, cloud-capped mountain, which he had noticed on the horizon, appeared to have advanced to the edge of the plain.

A. and E. Keary: *The Heroes of Asgard.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. What three travelers started for the Giants' Home? 2. Describe their journey; their experience that night. 3. What caused the noise that disturbed them? 4. Compare Thor and Skrymir. 5. What was the hall the travelers had slept in? 6. How did Thor try his strength upon the giant? 7. What advice did Thor get? 8. Describe the Giants' Home and the giants who sat around the table. 9. Tell the story of Loki's defeat; of Thialfi's defeat.

II. 1. Tell the story of the drinking match; of lifting the great gray cat; of wrestling with the old crone. 2. How did Thor, after all his failures, show himself a gentleman? 3. How did the giant receive his confession of failure? 4. How had the giant defended himself from Miölner? 5. Who was Logi? 6. What had Thor really tried to drink? 7. What was the cat? the old crone? 8. Milton speaks of "the thoughts that wander through eternity." Which contest does this line of poetry make you think of? 9. What lesson did Thor learn from these experiences? 10. How does Skrymir compare in cleverness with the giant, Atlas? with Cyclops?

For Study with the Glossary. I. Thialfi, Miölner, Skrymir, wallet, uncouthly, manikin, Logi, Hugi. II. Utgard, Elli, troth.

SIEGFRIED THE VOLSUNG

The chief hero of the ancient German tribes was Siegfried. His deeds have been told in many old poems and tales and in modern times have been the subject of William Morris's *Sigurd the Volsung* and of Wagner's famous opera *Siegfried*. Like most stories of ancient peoples, these tell of feuds between families, of fierce fights, cruel deeds, and many enchantments; but they tell also of many virtues, bravery, generosity, and kindliness.

Volsung, a great prince of the Northland, was a son of the god Odin himself. Volsung had ten sons, the eldest of whom, Sigmund, was the father of Siegfried. All these sons were slain in a great feud which began at the ill-fated marriage feast of their sister. A stranger had come to the feast bearing a sword which he had smote deep into the heart of a great oak. "To him that can draw it forth, I give this sword," said the stranger and quickly disappeared. All the warriors tried in vain to draw forth the sword, including the bridegroom, King Siggeir. But all failed until Sigmund came forward, and as he touched the sword it leapt forth into his hand. This aroused the anger of Siggeir, and so began the famous feud. The sword had stood Sigmund in good stead until the last battle. Then the same stranger who gave the sword — tall, one-eyed, and grey-bearded — appeared again, and against his spear the good sword split in two pieces.

Sigmund alone recognized that the stranger was Odin, and he treasured the pieces of the broken sword and gave them to his wife to preserve, that they might be welded again into a mighty weapon for their unborn son Siegfried.

Then the Queen fled to Denmark, bearing with her Sigmund's treasure and with it the pieces of his sword,

and there a son was born to her, and she named him Siegfried. The King of the Danes took the friendless lad, the last of the Volsungs, under his protection, and he grew to be a brave and strong and noble youth. He was so gentle that little children ever ran to him and loved him. Yet could he fight, and was ever foremost in warlike sports, bearing in mind that he must be the avenger of his father.

The wise old King chose for him a teacher to show him all those things that princes should know, to instruct him in all games of skill, in speech of many languages, in metal work, in woodcraft, and in shipcraft. This teacher was Regin, the master smith. A strange being was he, misshapen yet not a dwarf, silent and grim unto all save only Siegfried; skilled in the lore of many lands, and in metal work, so that the people whispered of his kinship to the underground folk, who have all metals in their keeping. But he was full of evil, and throughout the years of Siegfried's growth, he plotted how he might use the lad for his own wicked ends, and be his undoing.

And it came to Siegfried's mind that he should have a horse, and he went to the King and begged a horse of him, and the King said:

"Go choose thee one from the herd by Busilwater; they are the best, and all that is mine is thine, brave son."

Siegfried blithely thanked the King, and took his way

to the meadow far up the woods, where the Busilwater ran. On the way he met an aged man, with a long gray beard and one eye, who asked whither he fared. "To choose me a horse, O Ancient One. If thou art a judge, come with me to help my choice."

And the old man journeyed with him, telling him of his father, Sigmund, and his forefather, Volsung, whom the Aged One had known. Then Siegfried knew that this must be one of the god folk, to have lived so long. As they talked, they came to the green meadow where the horses were, and the old man said, "Now will we drive the horses through the river of roaring water, and watch what will betide."

And the force of the water, rushing down from the mountains, frighted the horses, so that they turned and swam to land again, save one gray horse with a broad, strong chest, who feared naught. He alone swam to the far side, and there landed, neighing and stamping with pride, then plunged into the torrent once more and swam back to the Ancient One and Siegfried.

"This one must I choose: is it not so?" asked the lad; and the old man answered: "Thou choosest well, for he is of the race of Sleipnir, All-Father's horse, that never tires," and, as he spoke, he vanished away; and Siegfried knew that this must be Odin himself. Then he took the horse, which he named Grane, and went back well pleased.

Now, the crafty Regin, seeing that Siegfried was equipped for a long journey, tried to make him greedy for gold, for what purpose you will soon see. He asked, "Where is the treasure of thy father, the Volsung?"

"It is in the treasure-room of my mother," Siegfried replied; "it is a fair treasure, but I have heard of greater, gathered by some kings."

"Why is it not thine?" asked Regin.

Siegfried laughed and said: "What should I, a boy, do with this treasure? It has no magic in it."

"And wouldst thou have a magic treasure?" asked Regin, keenly.

"I know not," answered the lad. "A great hero can I be without gold or magic."

"But if I could help thee to great treasure and glory, wouldst thou refuse?"

"Why, surely, nay," quoth Siegfried; "is it not for glory that the Volsungs live?"

"Come, then, and I will unfold to thee a tale that hitherto no man has known." And the old man and the young laid them down under a spreading oak in the greenwood, and Regin told this wondrous story.

The king of the dwarf folk was my father, and I had two brothers. Fafnir, the elder, was greedy and grim; ever would he take the best, and all of the best that he could, for he loved gold. Otter was the second, and his

will was to be ever fishing, so that our father gave him the power of changing into an otter, and thus he spent most of his life on the river rocks, landing only to bring in fish. I was the third son, a weak, misshapen thing, but, as thou hast seen, with skill in all metal work.

It chanced one day as Otter slumbered beside a half-eaten salmon, that Odin and Loki passed by. Now, Loki, the wicked one, would ever be at evil, and he caught up a sharp stone and hit Otter, so that he died. Rejoicing, he stripped off Otter's skin, and, casting it over his shoulder, went on with Odin to my father's hall — a golden house of beauty that I had built for him. He, knowing the skin for that of Otter, his son, seized the gods and cried:

"By the beard of Odin, ye go not forth until ye pay me, for my son, as much gold as will cover his skin inside and out."

"We have no gold," said Loki.

"The worse for thee," said my father.

Loki, the crafty, thought awhile; then he said, "If thou wilt give me leave, I will go take Andvari's gold." Now Andvari was a dwarf, who lived in Otter's river, under a waterfall that was called Andvari's Fall. He guarded a great treasure that he had stolen long years before, from the Rhine maidens in the Southern land. For the most part he took the shape of a pike, so

that with the greater comfort he might guard his treasure.

My father gave leave, and Loki hurried away, begged a magic net of the sea goddess, and, casting it under the fall, drew forth Andvari, the pike. "What ransom wilt thou, evil one?" cried Andvari, in terror.

"All thy ill-gotten gold, O dwarf."

"That shalt thou never have."

So Loki hung the net of the goddess upon a tree, and sat down to watch the great pike struggling and gasping. At last Andvari said feebly, "Put me back in the stream; thou shalt have my gold." And he brought it forth.

But Loki, as he gathered it up, espied one little gold ring around his fin, and said, "Thy red-gold ring must I have also."

Then Andvari shrieked with rage, and threw the ring at him, cursing him and the Rhine gold and all that should own it. "To every man that owns it," said he, "shall it bring woe, until it return to the Rhine daughters." And he plunged into the stream and was seen no more.

Back went Loki to the House Beautiful and cast the gold at my father's feet; but the ring gave he to Odin. Now this ring had the power of making every ninth night eight rings equal in weight to itself.

Then was the fur spread out and covered with gold,

first on the one side, then on the other, till but one hair was uncovered. And my father spake, "There is yet one hair showing."

The gods looked upon one another; then Odin drew the ring from his finger and cast it upon the skin, so that the hair was hidden. And the gods departed.

Then Fafnir, my brother, looking covetously on the gold, slew our father for it, and me, being weak, he drove away; and, taking it to a secret place, in the Desolate Land, he changed himself into an awful dragon, the better to guard it; and there is no serpent like unto him, for he is made up of sin and evil. So I have no part in that which is rightfully mine, and I would that thou shouldst win it for thyself, O Siegfried.

Then up sprang Siegfried and cried, "Forge thou me a sword of power, and when my father is avenged, even then will I go up with thee against thy brother, and get thee the gold thou cravest."

And Regin rejoiced that his plan worked, and they went back to the hall of the kings, speaking of the sword that should be forged. After some days he put a sword into the hands of Siegfried, and the lad, looking at it, laughed in mirth.

"Why dost thou laugh?" asked the master.

"Because thy hand hath lost its skill. See!" and

Siegfried smote the sword upon the anvil so that it flew in pieces.

Then Regin forged yet another, and said, "Hard art thou to please. Mayhap this may be to thy mind."

And Siegfried looked at it, and smote it upon the anvil, so that it split in half. Then he looked keenly upon Regin and frowned, saying: "Mayhap thou also art a traitor like thy kin. Is it thy will that Fafnir should slay me, and so thou forgest me swords of wood? Canst thou do no better than that?" And he turned from the smithy and went to his mother; but Regin was angered at his words and hated him.

The Queen sat broidering with her maidens, when her son cast himself down by her side, and seeing that he spoke not, she said: "What ails my son? Needs he aught that the King and I can give him?"

"All love and much honor have I ever from thee, mother mine, and for this I owe thee all thanks and obedience. Yet one thing I lack. Have I heard aright that thou hast the pieces of the sword that my father, Sigmund, gave thee at his death?"

"It is true," the Queen said, but her heart was sad, for she knew that their parting time had come.

"Fain would I have them, for with no sword but Gram can I do my life's work."

Then she led him to her treasure chamber, and from its silken coverings in the old oak chest she drew the

pieces of the sword, glittering and bright as in the day that the Wanderer smote it into the Branstock, and she gave them to Siegfried with a kiss.

Blithely went the lad forth, but his mother looked after him, wistful, yet rejoicing because the prophecies of Sigmund were to be fulfilled, and her son, with the eyes like stars, should be the hero of all the ages.

At the smithy door Regin met him, frowning. "Will naught serve thee but Gram?" he asked, in wrath.

"Naught but Gram!" Siegfried said, and laughed. "Gram shall slay the serpent; take it and do thy best."

Regin took it and shut himself for many days in the smithy with his men, and, after much labor, the sword was wrought; but the smiths told how, as Regin bore it from the forge, fire ran adown its edge. To Siegfried, waiting at the smithy door, he gave the sword, saying sullenly, "If this be not good, then indeed is my craft gone."

Then Siegfried took the sword and smote the anvil, to test its strength, and the anvil broke in pieces, but the sword held firm. Then ran he joyfully down to the stream and cast therein a lock of wool, and, as it floated down, it met the edge of Gram, and the lock became two, and Siegfried laughed again.

Then said Regin, "Bethink thee, now thou hast a sword to thy mind, of thy promise to go up against Fafnir!"

"That will I gladly do when I have avenged my father on the Hundings," said the lad.

Then the kings made ready many ships, and Siegfried was chief over them, and they sailed to the land of the Volsungs, and in a great battle he overthrew his father's enemies and won the kingdom. And ever in the thickest of the battle gleamed Gram.

KATHERINE F. BOULT: *Heroes of the Norselands.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where was Siegfried born? 2. Tell how he was educated. 3. Why was he unusually fond of fighting? 4. Tell how he got his horse. 5. What did the Volsungs live for, according to Siegfried? 6. Tell fully the story of Fafnir and the Rhine maidens. 7. What prophecy about the treasure did Andvari make? 8. Was Regin a human being like Siegfried? 9. Describe the swords made by Regin. 10. How did Siegfried at last get a good sword? 11. Where did he use the sword?

For Study with the Glossary. *Proper Names:* Siegfried, Volsung, Sigmund, Regin, Busilwater, Fafnir, Andvari, Hundings. *Other Words:* avenger, woodcraft, shipcraft, lore, blithely, mayhap, fain, wistful.

SIEGFRIED AND BRYNHILD

Now, when he had been at home some time, Siegfried grew weary of quiet, and Gram rattled in its sheath, as it hung on the wall over his seat. So he went to Regin, who sat wearily by the smithy fire, and, drawing up a stool, sat by him. After a while the lad spoke. "To-morrow will I ride with thee to the Waste, Regin, if thou wilt; maybe I shall slay thy brother."

"Two shall go forth," said Regin gloomily, "but neither shall return."

"No matter," quoth Siegfried, "we will try our best for the Hoard!"

Ere the dawn Siegfried arose, and, going silently, he went to his mother and kissed her gently, for he knew he should see her no more; then, saddling Grane, he rode forth to the Lonesome Waste, with Regin at his side. Ever inland and upward they rode as the days went by, leaving meadows, trees, and all green things behind. At last they came out upon the Waste beside a mountain torrent, where Fafnir was wont to drink, and Siegfried traced the broad band of slime that he made as he crawled back and forth. "Surely," said he, "this dragon brother of thine is greater than all other serpents, from the breadth of his track?"

"Yea," said Regin. "But dig thou a pit in his path

and sit therein; then canst thou stab him from beneath. As for me, since in naught can I help thee, I will get me to a place of safety," and he rode down the rocks.

Then Siegfried put Grane in shelter, and as he returned there met him a graybeard with one eye, who asked him whither he went and what he was about to do, and Siegfried told him. "That counsel is evil," said the Ancient One; "bide thou here and dig many pits, else the dragon's blood will flow into one and drown thee as thou standest." And ere the youth could answer he was gone.

So Siegfried spent the night in digging pits in the path of Fafnir, and at early dawn, as he sat in the largest, he felt the trembling of the earth, and knew that Fafnir was nigh. Snorting and spitting venom as he went, the great serpent crept slowly on, fearing naught, and as he passed over the pit, Siegfried thrust up Gram with all his strength behind the dragon's left shoulder, and drew it forth black to the hilt; and Fafnir's blood gushed forth and covered Siegfried as he stood, save only in one spot between his shoulders, where a dead leaf had lighted. Then he leaped from the pit and stood afar off, as the mighty serpent lashed out in the pain of his death wound, crying, "Who art thou, and whence, thou that are the undoing of Fafnir?"

"I am Siegfried, son of Sigmund, the Volsung. Tell me of the days that are to come to me." For all men

believed that to the dying was the future clear, and Siegfried wished to see what he would foretell.

"I see evil come unto thee from the gold, Andvari's Hoard, and from the fatal ring. Take thy horse and ride away, and flee from the evil."

"Nay," quoth Siegfried, "for thy gold I came, and without it will I not go. Without gold cannot man live."

Then Fafnir poured forth words of wisdom; and as the sun went down he quivered and lay a chill gray heap upon the Waste, and the sunset light shone upon the bright hair of the Golden Siegfried, as, sword in hand, he looked down on his huge body.

Then came Regin, who had watched from afar, hastening to greet Siegfried. "Hail, lord and conqueror!" he cried, "henceforth shalt thou be known throughout the ages as the slayer of Fafnir."

"Small aid wert thou," laughed Siegfried, "hiding while I fought."

"Yet," said Regin, grimly, "were it not for the sword I forged, thou hadst now lain low before Fafnir. And, since he was my brother, and thou hast slain him, for atonement shalt thou roast me his heart with fire, that I may eat it."

"That will I," said Siegfried, and he set to gather sticks while Regin slept, and the birds gathered round, and he set Fafnir's heart upon a stick to roast. When

it should have been ready, Siegfried laid his fingers upon it, and the fat, hissing out, burnt them so that he put them in his mouth to cool; and behold straightway he knew the words of the woodpeckers that chattered as they hopped around.

The first said, "Thou foolish Siegfried, to roast for Regin. Eat thou the heart and so become wisest of men." The second said, "Thou crafty Regin, that wouldst betray the trusting youth." The third said, "Smite thou the crafty one, Siegfried, and become thyself lord of the gold." The fourth said, "That is good counsel, to take the treasure and hie over the mountains to sleeping Brynhild." The fifth fluttered and said, "Siegfried is a fool if he spareth him whose brother he has just slain."

Then up sprang Siegfried, saying, "Regin shall not plot my death. He shall follow his brother." And he smote Regin with Gram, so that his head rolled away. Then he leapt on Grane and rode by the dragon's slimy trail until he came to the great cavern; and, although it was now night, the cavern shone with a light as of day, by reason of the golden shine of the Hoard.

So he set Andvari's ring on his finger, and put on the golden mail and the helmet of darkness, and, putting the Hoard into two chests, he fastened them upon the back of Grane, being minded to walk himself because of their weight. But Grane stirred not, and Siegfried was

troubled what he should do, for even he dared not smite the horse. Then he looked into the eyes of Grane and knew what was in his mind, so he gathered up the reins and leaped upon his back, and the gray horse tossed his mane for joy and galloped over the Waste, turning southward, steady and untiring.

By stony ways rode Siegfried southward toward the Frankish land, and he saw before him a mountain whereon a great fire burned, and in the midst of the fire a castle with a floating banner, and shields around the towers. And he climbed that mountain until he came close to the fire, and the crackling heat of it fanned his curls. Then he cried unto Grane, and the brave gray horse, with one mighty spring, leaped through the flame and stood at the castle gate, and Siegfried, looking back, saw only a line of gray ashes where the fire had been.

The castle door stood wide, and Siegfried, with Gram unsheathed, strode through the empty courts. Upon a rock in the inmost hall lay some one in full armor, the face covered by a visor. Then Siegfried cried aloud, "Arise, I am Siegfried."

But the figure moved not; so, with the point of Gram, he loosed the mail coat and flung it off, and cut the string of the helmet and cast it aside, and behold! there lay before him, in deep sleep, the fairest woman he had ever seen. Gold was her hair as the hoard of Andvari, white

THERE LAY BEFORE HIM, IN DEEP SLEEP, THE FAIREST WOMAN HE HAD EVER SEEN.

was her skin as the froth of sea waves, and her opening eyes were as blue as a mountain lake.

"Who waketh me?" she asked, low and soft as in a dream. "Is it thou, Siegfried, son of Sigmund, slayer of Fafnir?"

"It is I," he answered, "tell me thy name."

"I am Brynhild, Valkyr (war maiden) of Odin. Me he sends forth when men strive in battle. And I give victory to some, according as he commands, and I bear the brave men who are slain to the city of the gods. But I was disobedient to his word, and gave victory to one whom he did not favor. Therefore he cast a deep sleep upon me, and placed me within this circle of fire. And this punishment is laid upon me, that never more shall I choose the slain; that now I am mortal and must suffer woe, even as the children of men; that I shall wed but a mortal and bear the bitter things of life. But this have I vowed — since I must wed — I will lay my hand only in that of a man who knows no fear."

"Surely," said Siegfried, "thou art both fair and wise. Tell me of wisdom and love during this day that I may spend with thee." And Brynhild told him of the secret wisdom of the gods and of many things hidden from men. Through this and through his knowledge of bird-speech became Siegfried wise above all men.

Now, when the day was ended, the Volsung stood before the Valkyr, and in his deep voice, like unto the

music of a mountain torrent, said: "I am he that knoweth no fear. I swear that thou, Brynhild, art near to my heart, and none will I wed but thee."

Then she answered, "Thee do I choose before all the sons of men, O Siegfried."

So he set upon her finger the red-gold ring of Andvari. And thus began the Valkyr's sorrow; yet, having the love of the best of the Volsungs, she would not change it for mortal joy.

Now when the new day was come, Siegfried arose and clad him in the golden armor of the Hoard, whereon was drawn the image of that dragon which he slew, and upon his red-gold hair he set the helmet with its dragon crest.

"Fair love!" he said, kissing Brynhild between the eyes, "I must go forth to do the deeds that await me and to meet the fate that is set. Yet ere long will I seek thee in thy sister's home."

But Brynhild sorrowed and answered low, "Woe is me, my hero; for thee and me will be no bridal until our death-day join us. Thou wilt wed a daughter of the Southland folk. We must go our ways apart."

Then Siegfried laughed and kissed her, saying: "Sweetheart, thou art sad at our parting. Thou, daughter of the gods, knowest full well that what will be must be, and naught can mortals change when the fates have spoken."

KATHERINE F. BOULT: *Heroes of the Norselands.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Brynhild's sorrowful prophecy came true. Siegfried's journeys carried him to the great city of Worms in the Rhineland, where dwelt the white-armed Gudrun and her brother Gunner, who possessed the golden Hoard of the Nibelungs. Siegfried married Gudrun, and Brynhild, in revenge, plotted his death. While the hero was drinking at a spring, Hagen stole up behind and struck him on the one spot between his shoulders where the dead leaf had lodged when Fafnir's blood had gushed over him. So died Siegfried, but the golden Hoard that Hagen coveted was given back to the Rhine Maidens. It is said that their songs may even now be heard as they float about in the river guarding the treasure of Siegfried.

1. What happened when Siegfried grew tired of peace? 2. What warning did Regin give him? 3. Tell the story of his slaying the dragon. 4. Who aided Siegfried? 5. What fresh warning about the Rhine gold did Siegfried receive from Fafnir? 6. What was Siegfried's opinion about gold? 7. Tell how and why Siegfried killed Regin in his sleep. 8. What other advice did the woodpeckers give? 9. Did the gold belong to Siegfried? 10. Describe Brynhild's castle. 11. Why had she been changed from a goddess to a human being? 12. Point out the words that show she did not enjoy the change. 13. Which was wiser, she or Siegfried? 14. Why was she both sad and glad?

15. What is the end of the story of Siegfried and Brynhild? 16. How was the prophecy about the Rhine gold fulfilled? 17. Why was it just that all who took possession of the gold were punished?

For Study with the Glossary. Brynhild (brĭn′hĭld), venom, hoard, atonement, hie, visor, Valkyr, fates.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

We have read some of the stories of ancient Greece and Rome as well as several Bible stories and various myths of old Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Germany. We have now come to a later time. Western Europe has adopted the religion of Christ, and tribes have become nations ruled by kings. There is still a great deal of war, some of it noble and some of it base. There were many people, particularly in the Church, who longed to make fighting less frequent and men more just and gentle. In that way chivalry arose.

The idea of chivalry came to England from France, and it was natural that the French word, chivalry, should come too. It means knighthood. A knight is not the same as a noble. A man could be born a duke or an earl, but he could not be born a knight. Even a king had to show himself worthy before he could become a knight, and a man of humble birth might be dubbed a knight if he performed a valiant deed.

As a knight was a Christian soldier, he had higher ideals of thinking and acting than other soldiers. He must not only be ready to defend the Church and his country by arms, but he must also stand up for the right, do justice, and protect the weak and helpless.

He must never lie or break his promise. His manners must be gentle and courteous, and he must be generous to those below him in rank. Although these ideals were not practiced by all knights, nevertheless chivalry did much to make the nations more civilized; and although the age of chivalry has long passed away, we still value the same ideals. We still admire people who are brave, whose word can be trusted, who do justice and protect the weak, and who have courteous manners.

A knight was educated in a special way. We have an example in the history of Chevalier Bayard (Bä yär′), who lived at the same time as Columbus and who is known in history as the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* (the knight without fear and without reproach).

At thirteen, when he was a slim black-eyed boy just out of the schoolroom, he entreated his father to let him bear arms for France, as his ancestors had done for hundreds of years. So it was decided that he should be sent to a great duke to become a page in his household. His mother packed his linen in a little trunk, and weeping, bade him pray to God night and morning, avoid envy, hatred, and lying, and comfort widows and orphans; and his uncle, a bishop, gave him a spirited horse and clothing suitable for a page. The first time he mounted his horse he managed it like a man of thirty, and he waited at the duke's

table with so much grace that every one was delighted. Soon he was promoted to the king's household. He was taught to dance and to play the lute. A skillful knight saw to it that he learned to use the lance, the battle-ax, and the sword. Bayard took part in all kinds of mock fighting, on foot and on horseback, in single combat and in the tournament. Soon he excelled all the other pages in horsemanship and the use of arms, but he was so witty, so gay, and so modest that no one envied him.

Bayard became a great soldier. Some day you will read about his daring deeds and his marvelous escapes. His fame soon spread over Europe. Men said that he was equal to a whole army, and other nations tried to get him away from his own country. When a young French king gained a great victory, he called upon Bayard as the most valiant of soldiers to bestow knighthood upon him. So, in the disorder of the battle field, he knelt before Bayard, who lightly struck him three times on the back with the flat of the sword, and dubbed him knight, saying, "God grant that in battle you may never fly."

Bayard was "without reproach" as well as "without fear." Friend and foe alike loved him for his courtesy and his kindliness. He did justice, staying behind after battles to see that villages and castles were not burned, and punishing thieves and murderers. He

was humble and pious. He cared so little for money that he burst out laughing when presents of silver and gold were brought to him, and he gave them away to the poor or to his soldiers.

Like many of his ancestors, Bayard was mortally wounded on the battle field. He had his men place him under a tree with his face towards the enemy and then commanded them to flee. The Spanish commander who found him dying, kissed his hands, crying, "Would to God, Lord Bayard, that I might have given all the blood I could lose to have taken you prisoner in good health." Bayard's body was sent back with high honors to France, and there was more grief at home and abroad than for most kings.

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The ideas of chivalry were set forth in many poems and stories of adventure called romances. One group of romances tells of a legendary king of Britain, Arthur, who gathered about his Round Table many brave knights. They fought to do justice and to defend the Church against the pagans, and they were expected to be truthful, courteous, and pure. Many of these stories were really made up long before Britain became Christian. They were first told by the Celts, a race of people who once inhabited all of Great Britain and France, and who had an exquisite gift for stories of wonder, enchantment, and fairyland.

MARY LELAND HUNT.

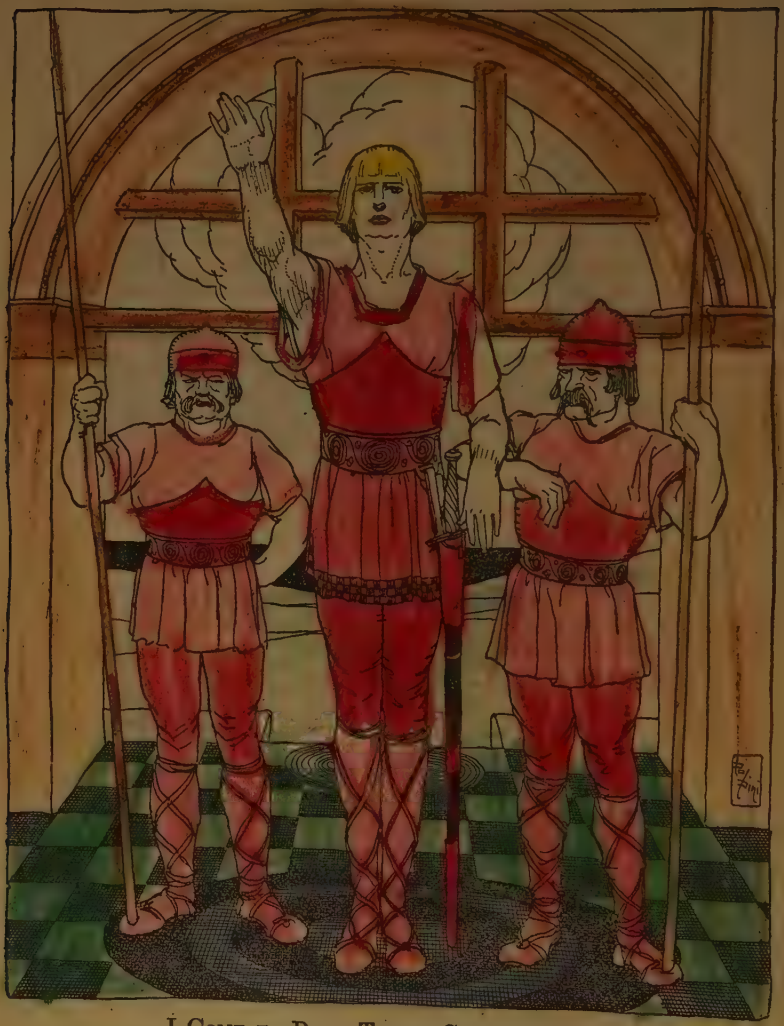
THE ADVENTURE OF SIR GARETH

I

It was King Arthur's custom at Pentecost not to sit down to meat till he had seen or heard some strange adventure. Now it happened in a certain year that Sir Gawaine, looking out of a little window before noon, saw three men and a dwarf riding. Of the three, one was taller by a cubit than his fellows. Thereupon said Sir Gawaine to the King, "Sire, you may go to your meat with a good heart, for here without doubt is an adventure such as you desire." And so indeed it was.

Anon there came into the hall the three men, and he that was so much bigger than his fellows leaned upon their shoulders. And all that sat in the hall — and at Pentecost time the Round Table was ever full — said he was as fair and goodly a youth as ever they had seen. Broad was he in the shoulders and of a seemly countenance, and his hands were the fairest and biggest that ever man saw; but he walked as though he could not bear himself up of his own strength.

So the three came to the dais, and there the tall youth lifted himself, and stood straight and said to the King: "Sire, I pray that God bless thee and this



I Come to Pray Three Gifts of You.

fair company of the Round Table. I am come to pray three gifts of you. One gift I will ask of you now, and two I will ask at this time next year."

"Ask," said the King, "for you shall have."

"I pray you now that you grant me meat and drink sufficient for me for twelve months," said the tall youth, for he made pretense that he was faint with long hunger.

"Nay, my son," answered the King, "that is but a small thing. Ask something better, for I am persuaded that you come of an honorable house, and will show yourself worthy thereof." But the young man would have nothing else, neither would he tell his name; for, though of noble birth, he had vowed that he would serve a twelvemonth as a servant in Arthur's halls before he revealed who he was.

"That is passing strange," said the King, "that so goodly a man knows not his own name." Then he called Sir Kay, the seneschal, and charged him to give the stranger meat and drink of the best, and of all things that he might need. But Sir Kay was scornful of him, saying, "I warrant that he is but a churl, and will never be of any account. Surely, had he been gently born, he would have asked for a horse and armor and not for meat and drink. And as he has no name I will call him Beaumains, or Fairhands, and I will bring him into the kitchen, where he shall have pottage

every day, so that in twelve months he shall be fat as a hog."

Sir Gawaine liked not this mocking, and said to Sir Kay, "Let be; I will warrant that the youth is worthy."

"That cannot be," answered Sir Kay; "as he is, so has he asked." And the same he said to Sir Lancelot, for Lancelot also had a good esteem of the youth.

So Fairhands went to the farther part of the hall, and sat down among the boys and ate his meat. And when, after meat, Sir Lancelot would have him come to his chamber, he would not — no, nor to Sir Gawaine's, though both would have shown him kindness. For a twelvemonth's time he abode in the kitchen, and had his lodgings with the boys, performed faithfully whatever Sir Kay put upon him, and never did evil to man or child. But ever, when there was any jousting of knights, he was there to see; nor was he backward if there was any playing of games, and he could cast an iron bar or a great stone farther than any by two yards at the least.

The feast of Pentecost next following the King kept in right royal fashion, as was indeed his wont, nor did he sit him down to meat till he was assured of hearing some adventure; and the adventure was this:

A damsel came into the hall, and saluted the King, and prayed him that he would help her.

"What need you?" said he.

"I have a sister," answered the damsel, "that is a lady of great honor, and she is besieged in her castle by a tyrant, so that she cannot go forth. Knowing, therefore, that you have a very goodly company of knights, I come to ask your help."

"What is this lady's name?" said the King.

The damsel answered, "That I may not tell, but the tyrant that oppresses her is called the Knight of the Marshes."

"I know him not," said the King.

"But I know him well," said Sir Gawaine; "he is as ill a foe to deal with as there is. 'Tis said that he has the strength of seven men, and I myself barely escaped from him with my life."

Then the King said to the damsel, "Fair damsel, there are many knights who will gladly undertake this or any other adventure. But, because you will not tell your lady's name, I cannot suffer that any of them should go."

Thereupon out spake Fairhands, for he stood in the hall while the damsel made her request. "Sir King, I have been now for a full year in your hall and have had my sustenance in meat and drink. Now, therefore, I would ask of you the two gifts that I left unsaid at the first."

"Ask them," said the King.

"First, I ask that I may have this adventure, for it belongs to me."

"Thou shalt have it," said the King.

"Second, I ask that Sir Lancelot of the Lake make me a knight, and that when I am departed on this errand he should ride after me and give me knighthood where I shall ask it of him."

"All this shall be as you will," said the King.

But the damsel was very wroth. "I call shame on you, Sir King. Shall I have none to help me but a knave from your kitchen?" So saying, she took horse and departed. Then one came and told Fairhands that a dwarf had brought him a horse and rich armor and all that he needed for his adventure. And when he was mounted and armed, it could be seen that he was as fair a man as could be found. Coming into the hall, he took leave of King Arthur and of Lancelot and of Gawaine, and so departed.

After a while Sir Kay said openly in the hall, "I will ride after this kitchen boy," and he made ready and, taking his spear, rode after Fairhands.

"Ho! Sir Fairhands," cried Sir Kay, "know you me?"

"Yes," said he, "I know that you are a very ungentle knight, and therefore I bid you beware of me."

Then Sir Kay put his spear in rest and rode at the boy. Now Fairhands had never a spear, but he rode at Sir Kay with his sword in his hand, and put away Sir Kay's spear with his sword, and smote the seneschal

so heavy a blow that he fell from his horse as though dead. Then Fairhands lighted from his horse and took Sir Kay's shield and spear, and bade the dwarf mount Sir Kay's horse, and so went on his way.

Now came Sir Lancelot, for he had followed hard on Sir Kay.

"Will you joust with me?" said Fairhands.

"That I will," answered Sir Lancelot.

So these two laid their spears in rest, and ran together so fiercely that they bore down each other to the earth. Then rising, they set to with their swords, and they fought together for an hour. And Sir Lancelot, for all that he was the best knight in all the world, marveled at his adversary's strength, for indeed he fought more as a giant than as a common man, and Sir Lancelot had much ado to keep himself from being shamed.

Then he said: "Fairhands, be not so fierce. Our quarrel is not so deadly that we must needs fight it to the end. Let us agree."

"With all my heart," answered Fairhands. "Nevertheless it was good to feel your might; yet I have not showed my strength to the uttermost."

"Well," said Sir Lancelot, "I have had great pains to hold my own with you."

"Think you, then," said Fairhands, "that I am proved a knight?"

"That you are," answered Lancelot, "and I will

give you the order of knighthood willingly, but you must first tell me your name."

"That will I do," said Fairhands, "if you will not reveal it to any one. Know then that I am Prince Gareth of Orkney, and that I am own brother to Gawaine."

"'Tis well," said Sir Lancelot; "I was ever sure that you were of a good stock, and that you came not to the court for meat and drink." Then he gave Gareth the order of knighthood, and after let him depart on his adventure.

Sir Lancelot caused Sir Kay to be carried back to the King's hall, where he was healed of his wounds, but had a hard matter to come out with his life.

II

Sir Fairhands rode after the damsel and overtook her. But she scorned him and said: "What do you here? You smell of the kitchen, and your clothes are foul with grease and tallow. As for this knight, you had him at a disadvantage, and overcame him in a cowardly fashion. Away with you, you kitchen page. You are but a lazy lubber and a washer of dishes."

"Say what you will," answered Sir Fairhands, "I will take no heed thereof, nor will I depart till I have

finished the adventure which the King has given me on your behalf."

As they rode, they came to a great forest, where was a river, and but one place by which it might be crossed, and at this place were two knights ready to hinder any that would pass.

"See you yonder knights?" said the damsel. "Will you match yourself with them, or will you go back?"

"Go back I will not," said Sir Fairhands, "no, not though there were six more beside the two." So he spurred his horse into the river, for one of the knights stood in the middle of the ford. They broke their spears on each other, and then betook them to their swords, wherewith they gave and received many strokes. But at the last Sir Fairhands dealt the knight of the ford so fierce a stroke that he fell down in the water and was drowned. This done, Sir Fairhands spurred his horse to the shore, whereon stood the other knight, and fought with him, and in no long space clave his head to the shoulders. Then he rode back to the damsel and said to her, "Fair lady, you can pass this way, for there is no one to hinder."

"Alas!" said she, "that a kitchen knave should slay two valiant knights, and that by mischance or treachery, for the horse of the one stumbled in the water so that he was drowned, and as for the other, you came behind and slew him by craft."

"Say what you will, damsel," answered the knight, "I will follow you still and do that which I am set to do."

So they rode on together, and about the time of even they came to a black hawthorn; on one side was a black banner, and on the other hung a black shield. Hard by, a black spear stood fast in the ground, and there was fastened a great horse with trappings of black, and mounted thereon was a knight, clad all in black.

"Now fly, while you may, knave," said the damsel.

"You will always have me a coward," said Sir Fairhands.

Then spake the black knight to the damsel, "Fair lady, have you brought this man from King Arthur's court to be your champion?"

"Not so," said she, "but he is a knave from the kitchen, where he has been fed for alms."

"Why then," said the black knight, "does he ride in your company, and why does he wear a knight's armor?"

"Not of my good will," she answered, "but he has overthrown some knights by some mischance."

The black knight answered, "That may well be; but it cannot be denied that he is a man of a fair presence, and, as I should judge, of great strength. Yet it is unseemly that he should ride in this fashion. So I

will even put him on his feet and suffer him to depart with his life, but his horse and his armor will I keep."

Then spake Sir Fairhands in great anger: "You are right free with my horse and harness, which cost you naught. Verily, you shall not have them, save you win them with your hands. Let me see, then, what you can do."

"Say you so?" said the black knight, "now yield, for it is unseemly that a kitchen knave should ride with a lady."

Sir Fairhands answered, "I am no kitchen knave, but a gentleman born, and of a better stock than you, and that will I prove upon your body."

Thereupon they went back with their horses, and laid their spears in rest, and charged with a crash as if it had been thunder. The black knight's spear was broken, but Sir Fairhands' spear pierced his adversary's side and stuck fast in it. Nevertheless, he drew his sword and dealt Sir Fairhands many sore strokes, but could not prevail against him, but anon fell from his horse in a swoon, and died within the space of two hours. And Sir Fairhands, seeing that he was well armed and had a right good horse, took these for his own and so rode after the damsel. Nor did she scorn him the less, but said: "Now is this a grievous thing, that such a knave as thou art should by an ill chance slay so good a knight. Nevertheless, I would have

you beware, for there will come, and soon, one who shall make you flee."

"Damsel," said Sir Fairhands, "it may befall me to be beaten or slain, but your company will I not leave for all that you can say. Now mark you this, that though you say always that some knight shall beat me or slay me, yet ever it falls out that they are cast to the ground and I live. Were it not better that you should hold your peace?"

As they rode together a knight came up whose harness was of green, and the trappings of his horse the same, and he said to the damsel, "Is that my brother, the black knight, whom you have brought with you?"

"Nay," said she; "by mishap this kitchen knave has slain your brother."

"It is a pity," said the green knight, "that such a thing should be done, for my brother was a very noble knight." And he turned to Sir Fairhands in great anger, and said: "You shall die for the slaying of my brother."

"I defy you," said he; "I slew him in fair battle."

Thereupon the green knight blew three notes upon a horn that hung upon a tree hard by, and when he had blown there came three damsels, and armed him, and all his armor and arms were green. Then the two fought, first with their spears, and afterwards, their spears being broken, with their swords. 'Twas a

long battle and a fierce between the two, and neither could gain advantage of the other. But when the damsel cried: "My lord the green knight, for shame! Why stand you fighting so long with this kitchen knave?" the man gathered all his strength, and smote a mighty blow, and clave Sir Fairhands' shield from the top to the bottom.

Sir Fairhands took no little shame to himself when he saw the shield broken, and thought what the damsel would say. But the thing wrought a great wrath in him, and he gave the green knight so hard a buffet on the head that he fell on his knees; and being on his knees, Sir Fairhands caught him by the middle, and threw him on the ground, so that he could not help himself. Thereupon the green knight yielded himself, praying for his life.

"'Tis in vain; you must die, unless this damsel will beg your life of me." So saying, Sir Fairhands unlaced the knight's helmet, as if to slay him.

But the damsel said, "Fie on you, kitchen knave; I will not beg his life of you."

"Then must he die," said he.

Then the green knight cried piteously: "Must I die for the lack of one fair word? I will forgive you my brother's death, and swear to serve you, and my thirty knights shall be yours also."

"All this avails nothing," replied Sir Fairhands, "if

this lady will not speak for you." And so saying, he made pretense to slay the Knight.

Then the damsel cried aloud, "Hold thy hand, knave; slay him not."

Then said he, "Sir Knight with the green arms, this damsel prays for your life, and because I will not make her angry, but will do all that she puts upon me, I spare you."

The green knight rose from the ground, and took them to his castle, which was near by, and treated them courteously. But the damsel was still scornful, and would not suffer Sir Fairhands to sit at table with her, whereat the green knight marveled much, and spake what was in his mind to the damsel. "'Tis passing strange," he said, "that you rebuke this noble knight in so ill a fashion, for a very noble knight he is, and one who may not easily be matched."

"Shame on you," cried the damsel in her anger, "that you should say such words of him."

"Nay," said he, "it were rather shame if I spake otherwise, for he has proved himself to be a better knight than I am, and yet I have known many knights in times past, but not one that was his match."

III

The next day they came to another castle, built of fair white stone, with battlements round about it, and over the great gate fifty shields of various colors. The lord of this castle had his armor and horse's trappings all of red, and he was brother to the black knight and to the green. Let it suffice to say that he also fought with Sir Fairhands, and was beaten to the ground, and that the damsel was obliged to pray for his life, he promising, for his part, that he and his sixty knights would be Sir Fairhands' men forever. "What I require of you is this," said Sir Fairhands, "that you come, when I shall bid you, and swear to be the man of my lord King Arthur."

"That will I do," said the other, "with all my heart."

As they rode on the morrow, the damsel said to the knight, "You shall soon meet one that is the most honorable knight in all the world save King Arthur only. He will pay you your wages."

Then answered Sir Fairhands: "You say ever that I shall be conquered by the knights that I meet, but it ever falls out otherwise, for they lie in the dust before me. Henceforward, I pray you, rebuke me only if you see me base or a coward."

In a short space they came within sight of a fair

city, and before the city there lay a great meadow, and in the meadow many pavilions.

"See," said the damsel, "yonder pavilion that is of the color of gold of India, and the knight whose armor and clothing are of the same. That is the dwelling of Sir Persaunt of India, the lordliest knight that ever you saw. You had better flee while it is yet time."

"Not so," he made answer, "for if he be a noble knight, he will not set on me with all his company; and if he come against me alone, I will not refuse to meet him so long as I live."

Then the damsel said: "Sir, I marvel much who and what you are. You speak boldly, and you do boldly, as I myself have seen. But in truth, I fear for you, for you and your horse are wearied with much journeying. So far you have come safely, but now I am sore afraid, for this Persaunt is a stout knight, and though you overcome him, yet you may well get some hurt in so doing. And, if it so befall, how will you fare with the knight that besieges my lady, for I warrant you that he is a stouter knight by far than even Persaunt."

"Have no care, fair lady," said the knight, "for now that I am come so near to this knight, I must needs make trial of him, how stout soever he be. Verily I should be ashamed to draw back."

"Oh, sir, I marvel much at you," cried the damsel. "Ever I have used most ungentle words to you, and

you have answered me ever most gently; this you could not have done had you not been of gentle blood."

"Damsel," said Sir Fairhands, "trouble not yourself. You harmed me not with your words; nay, you helped me, for the more you angered me, the more I spent my anger on the knights that came against me. But surely, whether or no I be a gentleman born, I have done you a gentleman's service, and shall do you yet more before I depart from you."

"I pray you, sir, to pardon me," said she.

"With all my heart," he answered; "and now that you speak me fair, I think that there is nothing upon the earth that I cannot do."

By this time Sir Persaunt had perceived the knight and the damsel, and sent to know whether they came for war or for peace.

"That," answered Sir Fairhands, "shall be as it pleases him."

"Then," said Sir Persaunt, "I will make trial of him."

So they ran together with their spears, and fought long and stoutly with their swords. But in the end Sir Persaunt fared no better than they who had gone before him, for Sir Fairhands smote him to the earth with a great blow upon his helmet, and then, standing over him, began to unlace his helmet, as though he would have slain him. But the damsel begged his

life, which Sir Fairhands readily granted, saying, "'Twere a pity so good a knight should die." Then Sir Persaunt swore obedience for himself and for the hundred knights that served him.

On the morrow, when they would depart, Sir Persaunt demanded of the damsel, "Whither go you with this knight?"

"I go," said she, "to the Castle Dangerous, where my sister is besieged."

"Say you so?" said he; "the knight that makes that siege is the most dangerous upon the earth. He has besieged the castle now two years, and might have taken it long since, but he would not, for he waits to see whether Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorack will not come to the help of the lady, having a great desire to do battle with one of these; for of all knights in the world, the three best are these — Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Lamorack; and if you, valiant knight, match him of the siege, who is called the Knight of the Marshes, you may be put as a fourth with them."

The lady of the castle had word of her sister's coming, and of the knight whom she brought with her, by the dwarf. "What manner of man is he?" said the lady, who was called the Dame Lyonesse.

"He is a very noble knight," said the dwarf, "and though he be young, you never saw a finer man."

"And what is his name?" said she.

The dwarf answered, "That I may not tell you, but he is the son of the King of Orkney, and Sir Lancelot made him knight." And he told her how he had slain the two knights at the ford — "they were stout knights," said she, "but murderers"—and the black knight also, and had overcome the green knight, and the red, and the gold.

"These are good tidings," said the Dame. "Take my greeting to him, and say that he will have to do with a very valiant knight, but one who has no courtesy or gentleness and thinks only of murder."

Meanwhile Sir Fairhands and the damsel came near to the castle, and the knight spied great trees, as they rode, and forty knights, richly armed, hanging thereon, with gilded spurs upon their heels. "What means this?" said he.

"Keep a brave heart," said she, "or you are lost. These all are knights who came to rescue my sister, and this man who besieges her overcame them and put them to a shameful death without mercy. And so you will fare, if you show not yourself better than he."

"Verily," said he, "I had sooner die in battle. But though you say he is a valiant knight, he keeps a very shameful custom, and I marvel much that none of my Lord Arthur's knights have dealt with him after his deserts."

As they rode on they came to a sycamore tree, whereon hung a great horn, as great as ever was seen, made out of the tusk of an elephant.

"That," said the damsel, "the Knight of the Marshes has hung there; if any one blow it, he will make himself ready, and come forth and meet him in battle. But I pray you blow it not till noon is past, for they say that till it is noon his strength increases till it be as the strength of seven men."

"Nay," said Sir Fairhands, "give me no such counsel; I will meet him at his best, for I will either win all the honor that may be won, or die in the field."

Thereupon he leapt lightly to the tree, and blew upon the horn so eagerly that all the castle rang again. And many of the knights that were besieging the castle looked out of their pavilions, and many of the castle looked out of their windows. And when the Knight of the Marshes heard it, he made haste to prepare himself. Two barons buckled on his spurs, and an earl set the helmet on his head, and his squires brought him a shield and spear, and all that he had upon him was blood-red.

"Sir," said the damsel to her knight, — the damsel's name, you should know, was Lynette, — "there is your enemy, and at yonder window is my sister, Dame Lyonesse."

"Where?" said he. And she pointed with her finger. "Verily," said he, "she is the fairest lady that ever I beheld, if I can see so far. Truly she shall be my lady, and for her will I fight." And he looked smiling to the window. And Dame Lyonesse curtsied to him to the ground.

But the Knight of the Marshes cried: "Have done with thy looking. Know that she is my lady, for whom I have fought many battles."

"Then you have spent much labor in vain," said Sir Fairhands, "for she loves thee not. Know, therefore, that I will rescue her from thee, or die in the field."

"You had best take warning," said the other, "by the knights that hang there upon the trees."

"Nay," said Sir Fairhands, "that is a shameful sight, and it has given me a greater courage than if you had been an honorable knight."

IV

Then the two put their spears in rest, and charged, and smote each other on the shields with so strong a blow that the girths of their saddles were burst, and both fell to the ground, holding their bridles in their hands. All that saw them thought that the necks of both had been broken, but the two fighters rose from the ground, and drew their swords, and put their shields before them, and made at each other. Like two lions they fought together, till it was past noon. Then by common consent they parted for a while till they could take breath, and then did battle again till even. Nor could any of these who beheld say which was likelier to be conqueror, for both had given and suffered many grievous blows, and their shields and armors were sorely hacked and hewn. Then again by common consent they rested a while, and their pages unlaced their harness, so that they might be cooled by the wind.

Then Sir Fairhands, looking up, saw Dame Lyonesse

at a window, with so smiling a face that he took great heart at the sight and bade the Knight of the Marshes come on again.

"That will I," said he. So their pages laced up their helmets and their harness, and they fell to fighting again. Then the knight of the siege dealt Sir Fairhands a cunning blow within the hand so that his sword fell from it, and, after this, so strong a buffet on the helmet that he fell to the earth. Then his adversary threw himself upon him to hold him down.

But the damsel Lynette cried aloud, "Where is your courage, Sir Fairhands? My sister weeps to see you." When Sir Fairhands heard this, he leapt up with great strength, and got his feet again, and caught his sword in his hand.

Then there was another battle, but Sir Fairhands redoubled his strokes, and in no long time had smitten the sword out of his adversary's hand, and had laid him even with the ground. So the Knight of the Marshes yielded himself, and prayed for mercy. But Sir Fairhands bethought him of the knights that he had seen so shamefully hanged, and said, "I cannot give you mercy, seeing you have put so many knights to a shameful death."

"Hear now the cause," said the other. "Once I loved a lady whose brother was slain by Sir Lancelot, and I made her a promise that I would fight ever with

King Arthur's knights, and that I would so put to death whomsoever I should vanquish." And many nobles and knights came up and entreated of the conqueror that he would spare the fallen knight, saying: "'Tis better for you to have him and us for your men. And if you slay him, it will not undo the evil that he has done."

Then said Sir Fairhands: "I am loath to slay the knight, though he has done many shameful deeds; and indeed I blame him the less because he has done these things at a lady's bidding. Therefore I give him pardon, but on these conditions: first, that he yield to the Lady Lyonesse, and make amends to her for all the wrongs he has done her; second, that he go to the court of King Arthur and beg forgiveness of Sir Lancelot for his ill will toward him."

"This will I do," said the knight.

Now the knights that had yielded themselves to Sir Fairhands, who shall be called henceforth by his true name of Sir Gareth, went to King Arthur, according as they had been bidden, and swore loyalty to him. First came the green knight with his fifty knights, and after him the red knight, with a hundred, and they all yielded themselves to the King, telling him how they had been overcome by a knight that had a damsel with him, and was called Sir Fairhands.

"Now," said the King, "I marvel much of what

lineage he is. For twelve months he was here, and he was but poorly cared for, and Sir Kay called him Fairhands in scorn."

While the King talked with the knights, came in Sir Lancelot, and said, "There is come a very goodly lord, having five hundred knights with him." So the King went out of the hall, and the lord saluted him in courteous fashion.

"What is your will," said the King, "and on what errand are you come?"

The lord answered, "I am called the Knight of the Marshes, but my name is Sir Ironside. I am sent hither by a knight that calls himself Sir Fairhands. He overcame me in battle, fighting hand to hand, and this no man has done for thirty years, and, having overcome me, charged me that I should yield myself to you."

"You are welcome," said the King, "and the more because you have been a long time an enemy to me and my knights."

"That is so," answered the lord, "but henceforth I am at your command, and so are all my knights, and we will serve you as best we can."

Said the King, "Ironside, I will make you a knight of the Round Table, but you must leave your murderous ways."

"That I will henceforth," said the lord, "for indeed

I followed them at the command of a lady that wishes to be avenged of her enemy. And I would fain ask pardon of Sir Lancelot, for chiefly I did these things out of ill will to him."

"He is here," said the King. So the lord craved pardon of Sir Lancelot, who granted it right generously.

After this as they sat at meat, came in the Queen of Orkney, the King's sister. And Sir Gawaine, with his brothers, knelt before her and asked her blessing, for they had not seen their mother for the space of fifteen years. But the Queen spake with a loud voice to King Arthur, saying, "What have you done with Sir Gareth, my youngest son? He was with you for the space of a year, and you made him a kitchen knave, which was truly a shameful thing."

"I knew him not," said Gawaine to his mother. "Nor I," said the King, "but this I know, that he has proved himself a very worthy knight, nor shall I ever rest till I have found him."

But the Queen did not abate her wrath. "You did ill," she said to her brother and her sons, "when you kept my son Gareth in the kitchen, and fed him like a poor hog."

"Fair sister," answered the King, "you must see that we knew him not, neither I nor his brethren. And, sister, why did you not warn me of his coming? For when he first came he was leaning on the shoulders

of two, as if he could not go alone, and he asked me three gifts — first, meat for twelve months, and second, when the twelve months were past, the adventure of the damsel Lynette, and the adventure being given him that he should be knighted by Sir Lancelot. All these things he had. But because he asked for food, there were many here that deemed that he was not of a noble house."

"Know, brother," said the Queen, "that I sent him well armed and horsed, and finely clad, with plenty of gold and silver."

"Of these things," said the King, "we saw naught in this place. Only when he was about to depart, there came one who said that there was a dwarf waiting for him who had brought him armor and a good horse. And we, marveling how he should be possessed of such things, judged that he must come of a noble house. But enough of these things; by the grace of God he shall be found. Then shall we be all merry, for he has shown himself to be a very worthy knight, and I am right glad to know that he is of my kindred."

And at King Arthur's bidding Sir Gareth returned, and with him Dame Lyonesse and the Lady Lynette. And in their honor King Arthur held a great tournament, wherein Sir Gareth won the prize.

After the jousting was ended, King Arthur said to

his nephew, Sir Gareth, "Love you this lady, Dame Lyonesse?"

"That I do," said he, "with all my heart."

And the King said to the Dame, "And love you him?"

"My lord King," she said, "know you that he is my first love and my last, and if I may not have him, I promise you that I will have none."

Then said the King: "I would not hinder your loves, no, not for my very crown. You shall have my good will to the very uttermost." So likewise said the Queen of Orkney, Sir Gareth's mother.

On Michaelmas Day the Archbishop of Canterbury made the wedding between Sir Gareth and Dame Lyonesse with all solemnity. Also Sir Gaheris, which was Sir Gareth's brother, wedded the damsel Lynette. And after the wedding the green knight prayed that he might be Sir Gareth's chamberlain, and the red knight that he might be his butler, and Sir Persaunt that he might be chief server, and Sir Ironside that he might be his carver. All these things did he grant right courteously. Thus ends the adventure of Sir Gareth.

A. J. Church: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This story is taken from Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte Darthur (môrt där' thur), one of the most delightful of story books. The title is French and means The Death of Arthur, but the book relates the adventures of many knights of the Round Table as well as of King Arthur himself. On p. 225 there is another story from Le Morte Darthur.

I. Read the first division of the story so carefully that you can tell in your own words just what happened. 1. What is King Arthur's custom at Pentecost? 2. What is unusual about the tall youth's appearance? about his request? 3. What opinion of him has Lancelot? Gawaine? Sir Kay? 4. What is the meaning of Beaumains? 5. What knightly virtues does the new boy practice while he works among the servants? 6. Tell what happens on the second Pentecost. 7. Why does the King let Gareth go with the damsel when he will not let his knights help her? 8. Describe Gareth's fight with Sir Kay. 9. Why does Gareth wish to joust with Sir Lancelot? 10. What was the usual way of bestowing knighthood? Turn to the story of Bayard to answer this question.

II. 1. Why is the title "Sir" now given to Gareth? 2. How does the damsel greet him? 3. Does she know that he has been knighted? 4. With how many knights does he fight in this division of the story? Why is he compelled to fight with them? 5. Tell the story of each combat. 6. What does the damsel say about his victories? 7. What is the worst insult that she puts upon him? 8. Can you think of any reason why she should be dissatisfied with him? 9. What effect has her rude-

ness upon him? 10. Why does he tell the black knight that he is a gentleman born? 11. What knightly traits of character does the green knight show? 12. How does he reprove the damsel?

III. In this division we see Sir Gareth put into practice some additional ideas of chivalry. He wishes to have his enemy as strong as he can be when he fights with him. That is one. Another is his feeling that he can do anything on earth when the damsel praises him. 1. How many knights does Sir Gareth conquer in this part of the story? 2. What makes the damsel change her opinion of him? What does she mean by "gentle blood"? 3. What is Castle Dangerous? 4. What do we learn about the damsel's sister? 5. What is the damsel's name? 6. Tell all that you know about the Knight of the Marshes. 7. Why does he seem to be a dishonorable knight? 8. What does Sir Gareth say when he sees Dame Lyonesse?

IV. 1. Describe the combat between Sir Gareth and the Knight of the Marshes. 2. Who encourages Gareth? 3. Why doesn't he slay the knight? 4. What is a partial excuse for the knight's wrongdoing? 5. What treatment does he receive from Gareth? from King Arthur? 6. Describe the coming of the Queen of Orkney to Arthur's court. 7. What new honors does Sir Gareth win? 8. Tell the end of the story. 9. What reasons have we to think that Gareth is lovable as well as courageous?

For Study with the Glossary. *Proper Names:* Gareth, Gawaine, Beaumains, Lancelot, Persaunt, Tristram, Lamorack, Lyonesse, Lynette, Gaheris. *Other Words:* I. Pentecost, cubit, goodly, seemly, dais, sire, seneschal, churl, pottage, sustenance, knave (boy). II. lubber, clave, buffet. III. stoutly, pavilions,

squire. IV. pages, redoubled, loath, lineage, craved, Michaelmas Day, chamberlain, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Phrases: I. passing strange, jousting of knights, put his spear in rest. II. prove upon your body. III. will pay your wages, gentle blood, a shameful death. IV. made at each other, make amends.

Review Questions. I. 1. What does the word Chivalry mean? 2. How did a knight differ from a noble? 3. What were the duties of a knight? 4. What famous French knight can you mention? 5. What saying describes him? 6. Tell the story of his youth. 7. What shows that he was "without fear"? that he was "without reproach"? 8. How did he die?

II. 1. Who was Arthur? 2. Where did he live? 3. What did he expect of the knights of his Round Table? 4. Where did the Celts live? Your teacher will tell you the names of the people who are to-day wholly or partly Celtic. 5. What gift do we associate with the Celts?

In connection with the stories of Chivalry you will have to look up some French names, for Sir Thomas Malory found many of his stories in France and so he kept the French names. Do not be afraid of them, but, after you look up their pronunciation, speak them out boldly. Beaumains (bō măn′) is really no harder than Fairhands or Lynette (lĭn ĕt′) than Margaret. A French word is usually accented on the last syllable.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd

The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd,
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two.
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
    Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
    As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
    Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
    As he rode down to Camelot;
As often thro' the purple night,

Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,

Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,

Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent, into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the Knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

"The Lady of Shalott," written when Tennyson was young, is one of his most famous poems. It tells a story of wonder and magic. Camelot was the city where King Arthur lived and the knights of the Round Table gathered when they were not away on some adventure.

Read the poem carefully, using both eyes and ears. It is full of pictures: select those you enjoy most. It is full of melody: select the lines or stanzas that seem to you most musical.

I. 1. What do the people on the road to Camelot see; first, along the riverside? second, on the river? third, in the middle of the river? 2. What do they never see? 3. Who know more than they about the Lady of Shalott? 4. What time of year is it? 5. Why do barges "slide" while the shallop "flits" or "skims"? 6. Why should people wish to go to Camelot? 7. What is meant by "bearded barley"? II. 1. How does the Lady spend her time? 2. Why doesn't she look out of the window? 3. What is the meaning of "shadows"? 4. What interesting sights does she see in the mirror? 5. What gives her pleasure? 6. What makes her feel lonely? III. 1. What do you know about Sir Lancelot from the story of Gareth? 2. What do we now learn about his face? his armor? his shield? his horse? 3. To what is his splendid appearance compared? 4. What is meant by "bearded meteor"? 5. How does the Lady of Shalott see him? 6. What does she do that she never has done before? 7. Why does she say, "The curse has come upon me"? IV. 1. How has the weather changed since Lancelot went by? 2. Tell the story of the Lady's journey to Camelot. 3. When does she start? When does she reach the wharf near the King's palace? 4. De-

scribe her last song. 5. When Lancelot sees her, what does he do and say?

For Study with the Glossary. *Proper Names:* Shalott (sha lŏt′), Camelot (cam e lŏt′); *Other Words:* dusk, embowers, barges, trailed, shallop, casement, uplands, web, stay, shadows, abbot, ambling, pad, bower-eaves, gemmy, Galaxy, loom, waning, seër, trance, carol, burgher, dame, mused.

Phrases: brazen greaves, red-cross knight, blazoned baldric, bearded meteor, tirra lirra, glassy countenance, crossed themselves.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson came of a poetical family. Of the twelve children, all seem to have had some gift at writing. One of the family games was to place their poems and stories under the dishes on the dinner table; then these were discovered and read aloud. From the time he was eight years old, Alfred wrote a great deal of verse, and before he was eighteen he and his brother Charles published a volume entitled *Poems by the Two Brothers* (1827). Two other volumes by Alfred followed in 1830 and 1832, and then for a long time the young poet published no more.

His father had died and Tennyson remained at home with his mother and younger brothers and sisters. Though he was not publishing, he was busy writing new poems, rewriting old ones, burning many, and carefully revising the rest. It was these ten years of painstaking work and self-criticism that perfected his art. In 1842 his old and new poems were collected in two volumes. There was no longer any doubt of his place among the great English poets. In 1850 his *In Memoriam* added to his reputation

TENNYSON

and won him the appointment as poet laureate, an honor made vacant by Wordsworth's death. The poet laureate is supposed to write poems on national occasions, and within a few years Tennyson wrote many national and patriotic poems, among them the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" and the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

After his marriage he went to live on the Isle of Wight. Here far from the city and close by the sea which he loved, he made his home. His children brought him happiness and the years were crowded with work. Each new volume served to increase his popularity and to win him new readers. And his long life enabled him to share the rewards of affection, admiration, and honor that his genius had won. He was made a baron by his friend Queen Victoria on the advice of another friend, the prime minister Gladstone. When he died at the age of eighty-one, all the world mourned.

Tennyson's poems are of many kinds and on many subjects. There are beautiful songs like "Sweet and Low" and the "Bugle Song," and there are many dramas and the "Idyls of the King," in which he retold the stories of King Arthur and the Round Table. No one except Sir Walter Scott has done more to make the Age of Chivalry interesting for modern readers; and with his brilliant pictures of knights and ladies Tennyson has not failed to set forth ideals for our guidance to-day. The "Lady of Shalott" and "Sir Galahad" also deal with persons of the Arthurian stories, and they show Tennyson at his best; for one is a series of highly colored pictures toned by sentiment, and the other is the presentation of a noble ideal. Tennyson, like many of the great poets, was a thinker and teacher as well as a singer.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

"The Passing of Arthur," like "The Adventure of Sir Gareth," is taken from Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*. Great changes have taken place in the Round Table. Sir Gawaine and many other noble knights are dead. Others have broken their vows. Sir Modred, the meanest of the knights, has become a traitor, and has told lies about the King and raised an army to fight against him.

The night before the battle the spirit of Sir Gawaine comes to King Arthur in a dream and warns him not to fight with Modred until Sir Lancelot should have time to come to his aid.

Now it was arranged that King Arthur and Sir Modred should meet between their hosts, and that each should bring forth fourteen persons with him. Before Arthur rode forth, he warned all his host: "If you see any sword drawn, look ye come on fiercely and slay that traitor, Sir Modred, for I in no wise trust him."

In like wise Sir Modred warned his host, "If you see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely and slay all that stand before you."

King Arthur and Sir Modred and their companies met according to the appointment and were quickly busy making a treaty. Then right soon came an adder out of a little bush, and it stung a knight on the foot.

Then the knight drew his sword to slay the adder and thought of no other harm.

When the two hosts saw that sword drawn, they blew horns and trumpets and shouted grimly. And so both hosts rushed together.

Never was there seen a more doleful battle in any Christian land, for there was rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken, and there was many a deadly stroke. Ever King Arthur rode through the battle of Sir Modred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Modred that day put himself in danger and great peril. Thus they fought all the long day, and never ceased till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth. Ever they fought till it was near night, and by that time there were an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.

Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware that of all his good knights there were left but two alive, Sir Lucan the Butler and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded.

"Alas," said the king, "where are all my noble knights? Woe that ever I should see this doleful day, for now I am come unto mine end. But would to God I knew where were that traitor Sir Modred who hath caused all this mischief." Then King Arthur

saw where Sir Modred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men.

"Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor, who hath wrought all this woe."

"Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy; and if ye pass safely this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember your dream and what the spirit of Gawaine told you last night; yet so far God of his great goodness hath preserved you. Therefore, my lord, let him be, for blessed be God, ye have won the field; and if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past."

"Tide me death, betide me life," said the king, "now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands."

"God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere.

Then the king took his spear in both hands and ran toward Sir Modred, crying: "Traitor, now is thy death-day come."

And Sir Modred ran at King Arthur with his drawn sword in his hand, and King Arthur smote Sir Modred, with a foin of his spear, through the body. Then Modred, feeling that he had his death wound, thrust himself with all the might he had on Arthur's spear. Right so, he smote the King with his sword on the side

of the head, and therewith Sir Modred fell stark dead and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere lifted him up and led him between them to a little chapel not far from the seaside. There the king was at ease.

Then heard they people cry in the field. "Now go thou, Sir Lucan," said the king, "and report to me what means that noise in the field."

So Sir Lucan departed and saw and harkened by moonlight how that robbers were come into the field to rob many a full noble knight of brooches and beads, of many a good ring and many a rich jewel. Those who were not dead, them the thieves slew for their harness and their riches. When Lucan understood this work, he returned to the king and told him all that he had heard or seen. "Therefore by my faith," said Sir Lucan, "it is best that we bring you to some town."

"I would it were so," said the king.

In lifting the king, Sir Lucan's strength gave way, and he fell dying. And Sir Bedivere wept for his brother.

"Leave weeping now," said the king, "for my time hieth fast. Therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to the yonder waterside. I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and on the way he looked on that noble sword with the pommel and the haft all of precious stones; and he said to himself: "If I throw this rich sword into the water, there shall never come good, but only harm and loss." So he hid Excalibur under a tree, and came again to the king and said he had thrown the sword in the water.

"What saw thou there?" said the king.

"Sir," he answered, "I saw nothing but waves."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the king, "therefore go quickly again and do my command. As thou art dear to me, spare not but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, but again he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so again he hid the sword and returned to the king.

"What saw thou there?" said the king.

"Sir, I saw nothing but the waters lapping on the shore."

"Ah, traitor untrue," cried King Arthur, "now thou hast betrayed me twice. Go again quickly, for your long tarrying has put my life in danger."

Then Sir Bedivere departed to the shore and threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and a hand above the water and caught it and brandished it thrice and then vanished with the sword under the water. Bedivere came again and told the king what he had seen.

"Alas," said Arthur, "help me hence, for I dread I have tarried over long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back and bore him to the water side. There fast by the bank

was a little barge with many ladies upon it, all with black hoods, and they wept when they saw the king. Three queens received him on the barge and in the lap of one King Arthur laid his head. Then that queen said: "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so

long! Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold."

Then they rowed him from the land, and Sir Bedivere cried, "Alas, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me?"

"Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayst. I go into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wounds. If thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul."

Ever the ladies wept so that it was pity to hear; till the barge vanished from the eyes of Sir Bedivere.

What befell King Arthur thereafter, no man knoweth. Some men say that he is not dead but lives in the happy valley of Avilion, and that he shall come again to do great deeds in England. Some say there is written upon his tomb this verse: "Here lies Arthur, King that was, and King to be."

Adapted from Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*.

HELPS TO STUDY

Read the selection in order to get the story. Read it a second time, using the Glossary.

1. Who is Sir Modred? 2. What is the difference between King Arthur's warning to his army and Sir Modred's to his? 3. How does fighting begin? 4. Give an account of the battle. 5. What advice does Sir Lucan give to the King? 6. Describe the combat between the King and Modred. 7. To what danger

is the King now exposed? 8. Give an account of Sir Bedivere and Excalibur. Perhaps your teacher will tell you why King Arthur wished to give his famous sword to the mysterious hand. 9. Why is Bedivere not a faithful knight when he tells a lie? 10. Why is he unwilling to have Excalibur lost? 11. Who come to the aid of the King, and what are his last words to Sir Bedivere?

12. What is meant by chivalry? 13. Who were the Celts? 14. What knight was "without fear and without reproach"? 15. Do we know more about him than we do about King Arthur? 16. Are we any the better to-day for King Arthur and Bayard? If you cannot give an answer to this question, turn to Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," p. 324, and you will find it there. 17. Which ideals of chivalry will help you to make your home happier? 18. Which ones can you practice in school? at play? on the street?

For Study with the Glossary. *Proper Names:* Modred (mō′dred), Lucan (lo͞o′kan), Bedivere (bed′i vēr), Excalibur (eks kăl′i bûr), Avilion (a vĭl′yon). *Other Words:* treaty, grimly, foining, down, ware (aware), brooches, beads, pommel, haft, lapping, brandished.

Phrases: in no wise, in like wise, right soon, full sore, tide me death, betide me life, God speed you, right so.

SIR GALAHAD

One adventure of the knights of the Round Table is the search for the Holy Grail. In the old legends this is the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. The wine shines through, making it appear rose-red, but it is usually covered with a precious white cloth. It is carried by angels, and only the pure of heart may hope to see it. Whoever touches it will be cured of all his sins and of all illness.

Sir Galahad is the most saintly knight at King Arthur's court. Although he is very young, he has fought valiantly to defend the Church and to punish evildoers. Lord Tennyson's poem entitled " Sir Galahad " describes his adventures while he is seeking the Holy Grail.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

* * * * * * *

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne,
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near,"
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

In the first stanza of this poem Sir Galahad describes the kind of mock fight called a tournament, in which many knights take part, those on one side trying to unhorse those on the other.

1. Tell what you learn about a tournament from the first stanza. 2. Why is Sir Galahad so strong? Commit to memory the third and fourth lines. 3. The rest of the poem tells about Sir Galahad's experiences while he is looking for the Holy Grail. How are they different from the adventures of Sir Gareth? 4. What happens among the mountains? 5. Does Sir Galahad see the Grail itself? 6. What adventures has he on Christmas Eve? 7. What does he enjoy thinking about? 8. What seems to happen to his armor and his body when he thinks of heavenly things? 9. What music does he hear? 10. What else encourages him to keep on searching for the Holy Grail? 11. Why is Galahad never afraid? 12. Why must he ride "all-arm'd"?

Your teacher will tell you how Sir Galahad afterwards found the Holy Grail and became king of a spiritual city.

For Study with the Glossary. Galahad (gal'a had), Grail (grāl), brands, spear-shafts, reel, clanging, lists, meres, bark, stoles, leads, fens, copses, hostel, hall, grange, pale, betide.

Phrases: combat stands (stops), mortal bars (the body), a maiden knight (a pure knight).

THE KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN

In the time of Chivalry the Christians of Western Europe used to make the long journey to Jerusalem in order to worship at the sepulcher of Christ. The Arab rulers of Palestine treated them very well, but when the Turks poured into the country, they continually interfered with the pilgrims. So the Church began to teach that it was the duty of Christians to take the Holy City from the heathen. Such an expedition was called a Crusade from the Latin word for cross, for all who took part in it wore a cross upon their garments or shield. The movement began in France. When the people heard the message, they burst into sobs, crying "God wills it," and nobles and peasants, bishops and priests hastened to form themselves into a great army. The enthusiasm soon spread to other nations, and those who loved fighting as well as those who loved religion enlisted under the Cross.

The First Crusade was successful in taking Jerusalem from the Turks; but it was soon lost, and, in spite of many more Crusades, was never again taken by Europeans.

The "Knight and the Saracen" is from the first chapter of the *Talisman*, written by Sir Walter Scott. He practiced in his own life many of the ideals of chivalry, and he delighted to write about knightly deeds, tournaments, and battles.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was

pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked in ancient days the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent. The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way were forgotten, as the traveler recalled the fearful catastrophe which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim.

Crossing himself as he viewed the dark masses of rolling waters, in color as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveler shuddered as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff upon its surface, and sends not, like other lakes, its waters to the ocean. The land as well as the lake might be called dead. Nothing in the way of plants grew on the shores, the very air was without any sign of winged insects, and the burning sun turned the rolling waters into steaming clouds.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with intense heat. All living nature seemed to have hidden

itself from the rays, except the lonely figure which appeared to be the only breathing thing on the wide plain.

The dress of the rider and the trappings of his horse were unfit for the traveler in such a country. The knight wore a coat of mail with long sleeves, metal gloves, and a steel breastplate. Suspended around his neck was his shield, and upon his head was a helmet of steel. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, and his feet rested in shoes of metal like the gloves. In his belt on one side was a broadsword, with a handle framed like a cross, and on the other side was a slender dagger. He carried also, with one end resting on his stirrup, a long steel-headed lance to which was fastened a small flag. Over his armor there was a loose coat of embroidered cloth without sleeves. This was much worn and frayed, but was thus far useful, that it shielded the metal from the burning rays of the sun. This garment had embroidered upon it in several places the owner's coat-of-arms, which seemed to be a couchant leopard with the words, "I sleep — wake me not."

The horse's trappings consisted of a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a kind of breastplate, and behind with armor made to cover the loins of the horse. A steel ax hung at the saddlebow, the reins were held by chainwork, and at the front of the

bridle was a steel plate with openings for the eyes and nostrils. A short, sharp pike projected from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

Nature, which had cast the limbs of the crusader into a mold of uncommon strength, had fitted him to wear his heavy armor with as much ease as if it had been formed of cobwebs. He possessed a constitution as strong as his limbs, and one which could bear the greatest fatigue and exposure to all kinds of weather.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose even on the iron frame of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard. At noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees which arose beside the well at which he intended to stop and partake of his midday meal. His good horse, too, now lifted his head and quickened his steps as he smelled afar off the living waters which marked the place of rest and refreshment. But labor and danger were to come before the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes on the yet distant palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and came toward the knight

at a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman. As he came nearer, his turban, long spear, and the flowing sleeves of his green vest, girdled at the waist, proved to the crusader that the horseman was a Saracen.

"In the desert," says an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The knight could not decide whether

the rider, who approached as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe — perhaps, as a champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter.

He loosened his lance from the saddle, seized it with his right hand, placed it in rest with its point half

lifted, gathered up the reins in his left hand, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to meet the stranger with the calmness belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the bending of his body than by the use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand. On his arm he wore a light, round buckler — a kind of shield, made of skin and ornamented with silver loops. His spear was not held like that of the crusader, but grasped by the middle with his right hand and raised at arm's length above his head.

As the Saracen approached at full speed he seemed to expect the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to meet him. But the Christian, knowing well the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to tire his horse without good reason. On the contrary, he made a dead halt, confident in his own weight and that of his powerful charger. When the Saracen had approached to within twice the length of his lance, he wheeled his horse to the left and rode twice round the Christian. Without quitting his ground, the knight turned his horse, keeping his front constantly to his enemy, so that he could not be attacked at any unguarded point.

The Saracen, wheeling his horse, retreated to the

distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, he renewed the charge, and a second time retreated without coming to a close fight. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the knight, growing tired of this kind of warfare, suddenly seized the battle-ax which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim he hurled it against the head of his enemy. The Saracen became aware of the formidable missile just in time to interpose his light buckler between the ax and his head; but the blow forced the buckler down upon his turban, and the Saracen was beaten from his horse.

Before the knight could take advantage of this mishap, his foe sprang from the ground, called his horse to his side, and leaped into his saddle without touching the stirrup. The crusader in the meantime had recovered his ax, but the Saracen kept well out of the reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force. Planting his long spear in the sand, he took a short bow which he carried on his back, and putting his horse to the gallop once more described two or three circles, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the knight. So unerring was the Arab's aim that only the knight's armor saved him from being wounded in as many places.

The seventh arrow seemed to find an unguarded

point in the armor, and the crusader dropped heavily from his horse. The Saracen dismounted to examine his fallen enemy, and to his surprise found himself suddenly within the grasp of the Christian, who had fallen in order to bring his foe within his reach. Even in this deathly struggle the Saracen was saved by his quickness and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt in which the knight had fixed his hold, and, thus freeing himself, he mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the struggle he had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which had been fastened to the belt left in the knight's grasp. His turban also was lying at the feet of the victor. These losses seemed to incline the Saracen to a truce. He approached the Christian with extended hand.

"There is now a truce between our nations," he said, "wherefore should there be war between thee and me? Let there be peace between us."

"I am well contented," said the Knight of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt keep the truce?"

"My word was never broken," answered the Saracen. "I ask no security from thee, brave knight, for I know that treachery seldom dwells with courage."

Such confidence made the crusader ashamed of his

own doubts. "By the cross on my sword," he said, "I will be a true companion to thee, Saracen, while we remain in company together."

"There is no treachery in my heart toward thee," replied his late foe, "and now let us go to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard gave a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes without an angry look or motion of doubt rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

Adapted from SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Talisman.*

HELPS TO STUDY

The *Talisman* is an historical novel in the time of the Third Crusade. Saracen means Mohammedan. The Arabs believe in Mohammed as the greatest of God's prophets. The Saracen whom we learn to know in this lesson turns out to be the famous Saladin, a great ruler and soldier and the equal of Christians in courtesy and nobility of character. The Knight of the Sleeping Leopard is a Scottish prince. His adventure with Saladin is only the beginning of a story full of thrilling events.

1. What do you know about Sir Walter Scott's life? 2. Have you read anything else that he has written? 3. What is a Crusade? 4. Did the Crusaders ever get possession of Jerusalem? 5. Look in your geography to see what country rules the Holy Land to-day.

6. What is the "Northern home" of the Knight of the Red Cross? What is meant by the Red Cross? 7. Describe the country through which he is traveling. 8. Tell all you can about the knight's dress, weapons, and coat-of-arms. 9. Describe the trappings of his horse. 10. How do the dress, arms, and horse of the Saracen differ from those of the knight? 11. Which horse would you prefer to have? 12. Tell the story of the combat. 13. Why does the Saracen desire a truce? 14. Which shows greater trust in the other? Why? 15. In accordance with what ideals of chivalry do both Saracen and Christian act?

For Study with the Glossary: Saracen (sâr' a sen), Saladin (săl'a din), Red Cross, pilgrim, catastrophe, converted, mail, sheathed, flexible, broadsword, frayed, coat-of-arms, couchant, mold, unerring, missile, truce.

Phrases: the accursed cities, fabulous unicorn, living water.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

OUR COUNTRY

From the heroes of past times and distant lands we turn now to our own country. All that you have read about in the earlier pages of this book happened long before the discovery of America. All these heroes, from Hercules and Achilles to Richard and Saladin were renowned in story and song centuries before Columbus sailed or the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Our young nation has been the heir of the ages. It ought to profit from all that history and literature can tell us of the past, and it has the future before it. What have we to be proud of in the few generations of our national life? What purpose and ideal are to guide our future? These are questions that every young American should consider, and he may find the answers written in the deeds and words of our nation's heroes.

In the selections that follow you will hear the voices of some great Americans; of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Webster, Emerson, and Lincoln. You may learn of their lives and of the stirring events which called forth the words you read. You will accompany Washington in the adventures of his youth, and you will hear of his noble character as judged by another great American, Jefferson. You will be

present at the very birth of the nation when John Adams pledged his heart and his hand to the Declaration of Independence, or when the embattled farmers stood

> And fired the shot heard round the world.

You will take part too in that great debate in which Webster pleaded for a united country, and you will learn the majestic sentences in which Lincoln dedicated the war-stricken nation to a new birth of freedom.

These are great men and lofty messages. They tell us what the United States has been and what it ought to be. They thrill us with a pride in our past and a resolution for the future. For, to us as to these great men, patriotism means a resolution to make this country the home of liberty and justice, and the mother of worthy sons and daughters. If each generation renews this purpose, our nation will give the world something better even than

> The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome.

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar
In spite of false lights on the shore
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our heart, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

This selection is the closing passage from Longfellow's poem, the "Building of the Ship." He has been describing the way in which a ship was planned, and built, and launched; but he has had in mind the likeness between the ship and the state. So at the close of the poem it is the Nation that he addresses as she starts on her long voyage.

1. To what does Longfellow compare the Union? 2. Why is Humanity deeply concerned in the fate of our nation? 3. Who was the master who laid the keel for the ship of state? 4. Who were some of the workers who helped to build it? 5. What service are anchors to a ship? 6. What danger is there to a ship in "false lights on the shore"? 7. What are some of the dangers that our ship of state has met? 8. Why have we still faith in the nation? 9. What other poems of Longfellow have you read? 10. What do you remember about his life? 11. What other great writers lived near Longfellow? 12. Why should he be called a great American?

Review Questions. 1. Of what great nations have you read in this book? 2. What happened to the kingdom of the Pharoahs? to the Roman Empire? 3. How long has our nation been in existence? 4. What makes a nation great? 5. What do you understand by patriotism? 6. Name some of our national heroes.

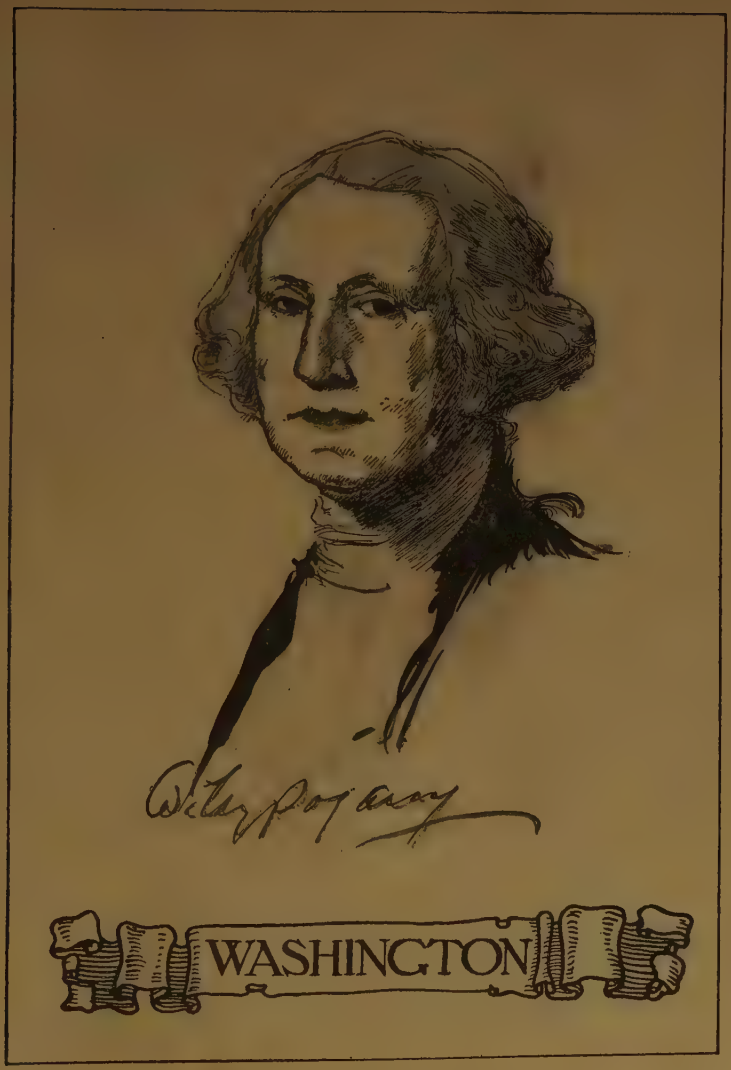
THE EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732, George Washington was forty-three years of age when appointed commander in chief of the American army. Educated only in the common schools, he was offered a midshipman's berth in the British navy when but fourteen years of age. This situation, obtained for him by his friends, was at length given up at the earnest request of his mother. She could not consent to have him at so early an age depart from under her influence, and drift away into the temptations and trials with which his life would be surrounded, and so George was kept at home, and the destiny of the world changed.

Chosen by Lord Fairfax to survey the wild lands lying amid the Alleghanies, he departed on his difficult mission when only sixteen years old. The depths of an American forest, with its hardships and wild freedom, were a better school for the future commander in chief of the American army than the British navy would have been, and here he acquired that power of endurance which nothing seemed able to overcome. Now swimming his horse across swollen rivers, now struggling through swamps or over precipices, and now

weary and exhausted, lying down on his bed of boughs — the trees his only covering, the young surveyor took his first lessons in those privations which he afterward taught his army so heroically to bear. First as surveyor of Lord Fairfax, and afterward as public surveyor, he spent three years almost wholly in the open air, sometimes in the forest, sometimes amid the settlements. Ardent, enthusiastic, and bold, the early dreamer stood amid the wilds of his native land, little thinking of the career before him, or of the glorious destiny that awaited his country. His name rudely carved on the bark of a tree, or chiseled in the rock, were the only mementoes he expected to leave of himself, while Fate was silently preparing to grave it on every foot of soil of this broad continent, and trace it above all earthly names on the scroll of fame.

Having performed his duty as surveyor so well, he took the field with his militia to repel the French, who were establishing settlements on the Ohio. But first he was sent as commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, more than half of the distance through an unbroken wilderness, accompanied by only seven persons, he made his way to the Ohio. Across rivers and morasses, over mountains, through fearful gorges, and amid tribes of Indians, the fearless stripling pursued his


WASHINGTON

way, and at length, after forty-one days of toil, reached, in the middle of December, the end of his journey.

Having concluded his mission, he set out in the dead of winter to retrace his weary route. The horses after a while gave out, and the drivers were left to take care of them, while he and Mr. Gist pushed on alone on foot through the wilderness. With his knapsack on his back and his gun in his hand, young Washington made his way through the deep snow and over the frozen ground, without a path to guide his footsteps or a sound to waken the solitude, save the groaning of trees swinging to and fro in the storm, or the cry of some wild animal in search of prey.

Traveling in this manner, they came upon an Indian, who, under the pretense of acting as guide, led them off their route, and then shot at them. Sparing his life, contrary to the wishes of his friend, Washington soon got rid of him, and walked all night to escape pursuit. Coming to the Allegheny River, they found it only partly frozen over, and here the two friends lay down upon the bank in the cold snow, with nothing but their blankets over them; and thus weary and hungry passed the dreary night.

The next morning they set to work with a single hatchet to build a raft on which they might cross the river. They worked all day long on the frail thing,

and just after sunset succeeded in launching it on the turbulent stream. When nearly half across, huge fragments of floating ice came driving down the current, and jamming against the raft bore it downward and onward, threatening every moment to carry it straight to the bottom. Young Washington thrust his long setting pole firmly into the ground in front of the raft, in order to stop it till the ice and driftwood could pass by; but instead of arresting them, he was jerked overboard into ten feet of water, where he had to swim for his life. Unable to keep the raft, the two adventurers swam and waded to an island near which they were passing; here, amid frost and snow, wet to the skin, without a dry garment to wrap themselves in, or a blanket to cover them, or a spark of fire to warm their benumbed limbs — with their clothes frozen stiff upon their backs, they passed the long, cold, wintry night. Young Gist had his feet and hands frozen, while Washington, with his greater power of endurance, escaped.

They were now without the means of reaching either shore, but the biting cold that benumbed their limbs and froze stiff the hands and feet of Gist, froze also the river, so that, when the morning dawned, it was bridged over with ice between them and the shore they wished to gain. Escaping the shot of the Indian, the dangers of the forest, and death by cold

they at length, after an absence of eleven weeks, arrived safely at home.

When in imagination I behold this youth of twenty-one years of age in his Indian dress, his knapsack on his back, and his gun in his hand, stealing through the snow-covered forest at midnight, or plunging about in the wintry stream in the struggle for life, or wrapped in his blanket sleeping beside the ice-filled river, lulled by its sullen roar, I seem to behold one whom angels guard through the desperate training which can alone fit him for the stern trials that are before him.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT: *Life of Washington.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. When was Washington born? where? 2. What appointment was offered to him as a boy of fourteen? 3. How did the refusal of this situation change the "destiny of the world"? 4. What other task did the boy Washington receive? 5. How did this work train him for his later career? 6. What mission did he undertake to the Ohio River? 7. What was the nature of the country then between the seacoast and the Ohio? 8. Where is the Allegheny River? 9. Describe Washington's crossing of the Allegheny. 10. How does the author account for Washington's escape? 11. What traits of character do you find in Washington as described in this selection? 12. What else can you tell of Washington's boyhood? 13. Why is he called the father of his country?

For Study with the Glossary. destiny, acquired, privations, mementoes, militia, commissioner, morasses, turbulent.

Two years after the experience described in this selection, General Braddock came from England and organized a powerful expedition against the French at Fort Duquesne (du kān′). Washington served as colonel, and in the disastrous battle known as Braddock's Defeat he showed the greatest bravery and saved the army from annihilation. At twenty-three years of age he was made commander in chief of all the Virginian forces, and two years later he led the advance guard of a new British expedition which captured Fort Duquesne. The fort was renamed Pitt after the English statesman, and the city of Pittsburgh grew up on its site.

In 1759 Washington married Martha Parke Custis, and made his home at Mount Vernon. Fifteen years later his happy and prosperous life was interrupted by the struggle between the colonies and the mother country. Henceforth Washington was in the service of his country; as delegate to the first Continental Congress in 1774, as commander in chief of the American armies during the Revolutionary War from 1775 to 1783, as President of the Federal Convention that framed our Constitution in 1787, and as the first President of the United States, 1789–1797. He died Dec. 14, 1799.

No biography of Washington has been more widely read than that by John S. C. Abbott, from which this selection is taken. Abbott was the author of many biographies and histories for younger readers. His brother Jacob wrote many stories, including the Rollo Books. Other good Lives of Washington are by Norman Hapgood (Macmillan), by W. H. Rideing (Macmillan), E. E. Hale, H. C. Lodge, Woodrow Wilson, Owen Wister (*Seven Ages of Washington*). Washington Irving's biography is one of the most comprehensive.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refrain-

ing if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden

opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect—in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said, that never did Nature and Fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military: of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence and the third President of the United States, was a close associate of Washington and secretary of state in his first cabinet. This opinion was written after Washington's death and is a very careful estimate of his character.

1. Why was Jefferson fitted to delineate Washington's character? 2. With what great men does he compare him? 3. In what ways did Newton, Bacon, and Locke show their penetration of mind? 4. Was Washington's mind stronger in invention or judgment? 5. How was this shown in councils of war? 6. What does Jefferson say about Washington's prudence? his integrity? his self control? 7. Can you relate incidents in Washington's life that illustrate any of these qualities? 8. What does Jefferson say about Washington's generosity? about his appearance? 9. About Washington as a conversationalist? as a writer? 10. How is Washington's character summed up?

For Study with the Glossary: intimately, delineate, penetration, judiciously, deranged, readjustment, obstacles, integrity, consanguinity, bias, colloquial, mediocrity, diffusely, journalizing, constellation, arduous, scrupulously.

Phrases: councils of war, enemy in station (in fortified positions), habitual ascendancy, visionary projects, copiousness of ideas, conversation with the world, agricultural proceedings (the affairs of his farm).

THE CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

The first fighting in our Revolutionary War was at Lexington and Concord on April 19, 1775. In "Paul Revere's Ride" (FIFTH READER, p. 201) you have read how the British had planned to send troops from Boston to destroy stores that the patriotic

had collected at Concord, and how Paul Revere carried the warning and aroused the minutemen. You have read also how at Concord bridge the minutemen faced the British regulars, who retired to Boston with heavy losses. Thus the war began that resulted in the establishment of our great republic.

This poem was written to celebrate the erection of a statue of a minuteman to mark the spot by the bridge where the battle was fought.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has a place among the greatest of Americans, along with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Lee, and a few others. He was born in 1803 and died eighty years later at Concord, Massachusetts, where he had lived for half a century. Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts were among his neighbors, and Longfellow, Lowell, and Agassiz lived a few miles away in Cambridge. Emerson was a philosopher and a thinker as well as a poet, and his ideas have influenced men of many nations. Like the shot of the embattled farmers, his voice has been heard round the world. To Americans in particular, his writings teach independence, self-reliance, faith, and cheerfulness.

1. At the beginning of what war did the battle of Concord take place? 2. What was the state of affairs in Boston? 3. Recall the story of "Paul Revere's Ride." 4. Describe the fight at Concord. 5. Explain the meaning of the last line of the first stanza. 6. Explain *votive* and *redeem* in the third stanza. 7. Why is the monument to be erected? 8. What is the "spirit" of the first line of the last stanza? 9. What can you tell of Ralph Waldo Emerson?

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But "there's a Divinity that shapes our ends." The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of

our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

For myself, having twelve months ago moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on; we must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people — the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British

aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated.

Sir, the declaration of independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so! Be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come

when that hour may. But while I live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country!

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exaltation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it, and I leave off as I began, that live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now and Independence forever.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

HELPS TO STUDY

After the fight at Concord bridge, over a year passed before the American colonies finally declared their independence of Great Britain. Meanwhile the colonies were in a state of war. Washington had been appointed commander of their troops before Boston, and in March, 1776, the British forces had evacuated the city. In Philadelphia the Continental Congress was in session, and on June 7th Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution "that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." In the debate which followed, John Adams was the leader of the more aggressive who wished an immediate declaration without waiting for foreign aid. News that General Howe had landed near New York with a large army hastened the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

Fifty years later the two men who had been most concerned in the great paper died, on the anniversary of its adoption. John Adams, its ardent advocate and the second President of the United States, was in his ninetieth year, and Thomas Jefferson, its author, was eighty-three. A month later Daniel Webster delivered an oration at a meeting held in Boston in memory of the two founders of the nation. A part of this oration on "Adams and Jefferson" contains the speech which Adams was supposed to have made in favor of the "Declaration of Independence."

1. What reasons does Adams urge for adopting the Declaration? 2. Which reason seems to you most strongly presented? 3. Find passages where the orator asks questions that he may answer them. 4. In what passage does he express his willingness to die for the cause? 5. In what passage does he predict a glorious future for Independence Day? 6. Note repetitions of language

in order to give emphasis. 7. Which seems to you the most stirring passage in the oration?

For Study with the Glossary: aggression, eradicated, rue, ignominiously, compensate, exultation.

Phrases: a divinity that shapes our ends (see *Hamlet* v. ii. 10), one jot or tittle, plighted faith, Boston port-bill, redress of grievances, bed of honor.

Review Questions. 1. Who were the first three presidents of the United States? 2. Tell what you can of Washington's youth. 3. When was the fight at Concord bridge? 4. What war was begun by this battle? 5. Who was made commander of the American troops? 6. When was the Declaration of Independence adopted? 7. Who wrote it? 8. Who was a leading speaker in favor of it? 9. When did John Adams and Thomas Jefferson die?

The **dictionary** should be used freely by pupils. The Glossary at the end of this volume is convenient for reference, but it should not be used as a substitute for the dictionary. The Glossary gives the meaning of the words in the places where they occur in the Reader. For full meanings of the words, and especially for phrases, the dictionary should be consulted.

LIBERTY AND UNION

Daniel Webster was the greatest of American orators. A man of magnificent presence, his powerful personality helped to make his eloquence irresistible whether he spoke in law court, or in the Senate, or on the occasion of some celebration. His great abilities, both as an orator and a statesman, won their greatest achievement in convincing the people that our government was not merely a confederation but a union, with all the powers necessary to its maintenance.

Within four years after Webster had made his address on the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, a great debate arose in the Senate over the interpretation of the Constitution. Senator Robert Hayne in two brilliant speeches set forth the doctrine of independence of the states. Webster's reply elaborated the national conception of the Union. Our selection gives its most celebrated passage.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the

depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light,

blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who was Daniel Webster? 2. Where and when did he make this speech? 3. Why does he call disunion a precipice? 4. What is referred to by the phrases, "the dark recess" and "the abyss below"? 5. What do the stars and stripes of our flag represent? 6. In what way would "a star obscured" mean disunion? 7. What motto does Webster propose for our country?

For Study with the Glossary: abyss, tolerable, dissevered, trophies, polluted, luster, interrogatory.

OUR COUNTRY

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

UNION AND LIBERTY

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem gives expression to the same sentiment as the last selection from Webster's oration.

1. Do you know any other poems about our flag? 2. In what way is the flag "Sprinkled with starry light"? 3. What is the "full constellation"? 4. How could a star be darkened? 5. Why is the United States called an empire? 6. Why is it called an "empire unsceptered"? 7. Do you know a sentence in the Declaration of Independence which explains what is meant by "the birthright of man"?

For Study with the Glossary: blazoned, firmament, constellation, unsceptered.

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free to all the people.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure

of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HELPS TO STUDY

The great war between North and South was fought to decide the great question that Webster debated — Should the Union be preserved? During that war a national cemetery was dedicated on the battlefield of Gettysburg. There Lincoln made this address, which all Americans have come to feel is the noblest expression of our national purpose.

There is no more beautiful passage in all our literature. No word could be changed. The solemn phrases which tell of the brave men who have fought and of the cause for which they died swell into the magnificent rhythms that proclaim the dedication of a people. For Americans, however, the beauty of the sentences is of less moment than their meaning. The words hold forth an ideal. It is our duty as Americans to make our national life realize that ideal, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

While Lincoln was alive, he was bitterly criticized by many in the North as well as in the South, and by many who were honest and thoughtful as well as by others who were stupid or selfish. But as we have studied his life and his work as president, all Americans, whether of the South or North, have come to take pride in his character and services as a leader of the nation. We

LINCOLN

like to believe that this man who rose from humble poverty and ignorance to a position of tremendous power and who yet remained always patient, wise, and tender-hearted, is a typical American.

A passage from his "Second Inaugural Address" should be memorized in connection with the "Gettysburg Address," as an expression both of Lincoln's character and of his ideal for the nation. The war was nearly over when he spoke these words; and victory for the North was in sight; but there is no boasting, no exultation, no rancor toward his enemies in Lincoln's address. If wars must come, let us hope that they may be fought and ended in this spirit.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

HELPS TO STUDY

At the close of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, celebrating the sixtieth year of her reign, this poem appeared in the *London Times*. A recessional is a hymn sung at the close of a public service, as the clergy and choir are leaving the church. And so this poem records the departure of the kings, captains, and navies after the jubilee celebrations. Its plea for humility in a time of national pride is similar to that made in Lincoln's addresses.

1. On what occasion was this poem written? 2. Why is it called "Recessional"? 3. In the first stanza what is meant by England's "far-flung battle-line"? 4. What is meant by "Dominion over palm and pine"? 5. In times of success and pride, what are we in danger of forgetting? 6. Why is "a humble and a contrite heart" an acceptable sacrifice? 7. What has happened to the pomp of Nineveh and Tyre? 8. In the last stanza, what things are named in which a nation should *not* put its trust? 9. What is the "reeking tube"? the "iron shard"?

Gentiles in the fourth stanza, and *heathen* in the fifth stanza are used in the sense of "opposed to God," "not of God's people." The imagery and tone of the poem are similar to those of the Old Testament.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY

There was one cause for anxiety that kept me constantly on the watch. From time to time I had seen savages land their canoes on my island, but thus far my habitation had not been discovered. I was surprised one morning early to see no less than five canoes, all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my plans; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle. However, I made all the arrangements for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was ready for action. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my telescope, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How

they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my glass two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. One of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them, and ran swiftly along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards the part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I saw him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not more than three men that followed him. And still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned in the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and I saw plainly

he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went quietly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him.

I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately, with all possible haste, fetched my two guns, and getting up again to the very top of the hill, put myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced toward the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun. Having knocked this

fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at

me; so I was then forced to shoot him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise that he stood stock-

still. I hallooed again to him, and made signs for him to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been taken to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, as if thanking me for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was to show that he would be my slave forever. I lifted him up, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him.

Upon this my savage spoke some words to me; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of man's voice that I had heard, except my own, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time

for such thoughts now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up on the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I raised my other gun at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head. This I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they made their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with many gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off. Pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just

in his breast. Then he took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him to my cave.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draft of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

After he had slept about half an hour, he waked again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of thankfulness. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other

foot upon his head, as he had done before, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say "master," and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no," and to know the meaning of them.

DANIEL DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This story is taken from *Robinson Crusoe,* a book that has delighted young and old ever since it was written. Although it is not a true story, it seems to us true while we are reading it. It has been translated into many languages, and it has made many a boy and girl long to be cast upon a desert island where they might have a chance to use their minds and their eyes and hands as Robinson Crusoe did.

1. Tell the story in your own words. 2. What do you know about Crusoe's castle? 3. How does Crusoe feel when he sees the savage running towards him? 4. Why does he save a cannibal? 5. How long has it been since he heard a human voice? 6. In what different ways does Friday show his unusual strength? 7. How do you know that he is intelligent? that he is grateful? 8. What else do you know about Robinson Crusoe?

For Study with the Glossary: single-handed, hallooing, stock-still, stunned.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

This description of Juan Fernandez is taken from *Two Years Before the Mast,* a delightful and true sea-story. The author began to love the ocean when he was a small boy. As his eyes were too weak to let him go on with his studies at Harvard College, he decided to give them a rest and he went to sea as a common sailor. For two years he cruised about in the Pacific Ocean. One of the most interesting places he visited was Juan Fernandez.

Many years before Dana made this visit, a Scottish sailor who had quarreled with his captain was put ashore at Juan Fernandez. His name was Alexander Selkirk. He lived alone on the island for more than four years before he was rescued by a passing ship. Accounts of his adventures were read by Daniel Defoe and gave him the idea of writing a story about a sailor cast ashore on a desert island. The result was *Robinson Crusoe.*

Tuesday, November 25th, at daylight we saw the island of Juan Fernandez directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. We were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that I mistook it for a cloud, resting over the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and I could mark the inequalities upon its surface. At length we could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbor. Arriving at the en-

trance soon after sundown, we found a Chilian man-of-war brig, the only vessel coming out. She hailed us, and an officer on board, whom we supposed to be an American, advised us to run in before night, and said that they were bound to Valparaiso. We ran immediately for the anchorage, but, owing to the winds which drew about the mountains and came to us in flaws from every point of the compass, we did not come to an anchor until nearly midnight. We had a boat ahead all the time that we were working in, and those aboard were continually bracing the yards about for every puff that struck us, until about twelve o'clock, when we came to in forty fathoms water, and our anchor struck bottom for the first time since we left Boston — one hundred and three days. We were then divided into three watches, and thus stood out the remainder of the night.

I was called on deck to stand my watch at about three in the morning, and I shall never forget the peculiar sensation which I experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land, feeling the night breeze coming from off shore, and hearing the frogs and crickets. The mountains seemed almost to hang over us, and apparently from the very heart of them there came out, at regular intervals, a loud echoing sound, which affected me as hardly human. We saw no lights, and could hardly account for the

sound, until the mate, who had been there before, told us that it was the "Alerta" of the Spanish soldiers who were stationed over some convicts confined in caves nearly halfway up the mountain. At the expiration of my watch I went below, feeling not a little anxious for the day, that I might see more nearly, and perhaps tread upon this romantic, I may almost say, classic island.

When all hands were called, it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, although quite busy on board in getting up water casks, etc., I had a good view of the objects about me. The harbor was nearly land locked, and at the head of it was a landing place, protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages nearly an hundred in number, the best of them built of mud and whitewashed, but the greater part only Robinson Crusoe like — of posts and branches of trees. The governor's house, as it is called, was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles; yet, like all the rest, only of one story. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross: and a long, low, brown-looking building, surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilian flag was flying. This, of course, was dignified

by the title of *Presidio*. A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing place for our boat to come ashore.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the center of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule tracks leading to different parts of the island.

I cannot here forget how my friend S— and myself got the laugh of the crew upon us by our eagerness to get on shore. The captain having ordered the quarter boat to be lowered, we both sprang down into the forecastle, filled our jacket pockets with tobacco to barter with the people ashore, and when the officer called for "four hands in the boat," nearly broke our necks in haste to be first over the side, and had the pleasure of pulling ahead of the brig with a tow-line for a half an hour, and coming on board again to be laughed at by the crew, who had seen our maneuver.

After breakfast the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water casks, and to my joy I was among the number. We pulled ashore with the empty casks; and here again fortune favored me,

for the water was too thick and muddy to put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure. This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses, and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries abound here. The latter are said to have been planted by Lord Anson. The soldiers were miserably clad, and asked with some interest whether we had shoes to sell on board. I doubt very much if they had the means of buying them. They were very eager to get tobacco, for which they gave shells, fruits, etc. Knives also were in demand, but we were forbidden by the governor to let any one have them, as he told us that all the people there, except the soldiers and a few officers, were convicts sent from Valparaiso, and that it was necessary to keep all weapons from their hands.

The island, it seems, belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a sort of Botany Bay, for nearly two years; and the governor — an Englishman who had entered the Chilian navy — with a priest, half a dozen taskmasters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep them in order. This was no easy task; and only a few months before our arrival, a few of them had stolen a boat at night,

boarded a brig lying in the harbor, sent the captain and crew ashore in their boat, and gone off to sea. We were informed of this, and loaded our arms and kept strict watch on board through the night, and were careful not to let the convicts get our knives from us when on shore. The worst part of the convicts, I found, were locked up under sentry in caves dug into the side of the mountain, nearly halfway up, with mule tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work under taskmasters upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works; while the rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to be the laziest people on the face of the earth. Having filled our casks, we returned on board. Soon after, the governor, dressed in a uniform like that of an American militia officer, the *Padre*, in the dress of the gray friars, with hood and all complete, and the *Capitan*, with big whiskers and dirty regimentals, came on board to dine. While at dinner, a large ship appeared in the offing, and soon afterwards we saw a light whaleboat pulling into the harbor. The ship lay off and on, and a boat came alongside of us, and put on board the captain, a plain young Quaker, dressed all in brown. The ship was the *Cortes*, whaleman, of New Bedford, and had put in to see if there were any vessels from round the Horn,

and to hear the latest news from America. They remained aboard a short time and had a little talk with the crew, when they left us and pulled off to their ship, which, having filled away, was soon out of sight.

A small boat which came from the shore to take away the governor and suite — as they styled themselves — brought, as a present to the crew, a large pail of milk, a few shells, and a block of sandalwood. The milk, which was the first we had tasted since leaving Boston, we soon dispatched; a piece of the sandalwood I obtained, and learned that it grew on the hills in the center of the island. I have always regretted that I did not bring away other specimens of the products of the island, having afterwards lost all that I had with me, — the piece of sandalwood, and a small flower which I plucked and brought on board in the crown of my tarpaulin, and carefully pressed between the leaves of a book.

About an hour before sundown, having stowed our water casks, we commenced getting under way, and were not a little while about it. We were in thirty fathoms of water, and, in one of the gusts which came from off shore, had let go our other bow anchor; and as the southerly wind draws round the mountains and comes off in uncertain flaws, we were continually swinging round, and had thus got a very foul hawse. We hove in upon our chain, and hoisting and hauling

down sail, we at length tipped our anchor and stood out to sea. It was bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us in its still beauty; and I gave a parting look, and bid farewell, to the most romantic spot of earth that my eyes had ever seen. I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment for that island, altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, from its having been the first island that I had seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in their childhood from reading Robinson Crusoe. To this I may add the height and romantic outline of its mountains, the beauty and freshness of its verdure, and the extreme fertility of its soil, and its solitary position in the midst of the wide expanse of the South Pacific, as all concurring to give it its peculiar charm.

RICHARD HENRY DANA: *Two Years before the Mast.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Describe Juan Fernandez as Dana's vessel approaches it. 2. What made it difficult to bring the ship to anchor? 3. What experiences had Dana during his watch? 4. Describe the settlement as he saw it from the ship. 5. Tell the story of his attempt to go ashore; of his actual going ashore. 6. Tell all that you can about the inhabitants of the island. 7. Who visited the ship and what presents were taken aboard? 8. Describe the

departure of the vessel. 9. What were Dana's feelings as he left the island behind him?

10. Mention some reasons why Juan Fernandez, before it was settled, might have been a good island to be cast away upon. 11. What phrases show that a sailor wrote this selection? 12. What is meant by *presidio?* This word is still used in California and some other parts of the Southwest. 13. What other Spanish words are used in connection with Juan Fernandez? 14. What is meant by Botany Bay? 15. Where is Valparaiso? 16. Why is the island known as Robinson Crusoe's Island? Why does Dana speak of the houses as "Robinson Crusoe like"?

For Study with the Glossary: Juan Fernandez, Valparaiso, Chilian, anchorage, watches, sensation, romantic, classic, land-locked, breakwater, tiles, palisade, forecastle, tow-line, maneuver, convicts, taskmasters, aqueduct, regimentals, offing, suite, sandal-wood, tarpaulin, concurring.

Spanish words: Alerta, Presidio, Padre, Capitan.

Nautical Phrases: man-of-war brig, bracing the yards, the quarter boat, foul hawse, hove in upon our chain, tipped our anchor.

Other Phrases: sandalwood, ground apples, gray friars.

THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN

This story is from the famous book *The Thousand and One Nights*, which we sometimes call *The Arabian Nights*. The tale ran that a king, being afraid of the power a wife might gain over him, was accustomed each day to marry a wife, and on the morrow to put her to death. But one woman, Shahrazad, was clever enough to outwit him. At night she fell to weeping, and the king said, "Why dost thou weep?" "O great king," answered she, "I have a young sister and I desire to see her, that I may take leave of her before I die." So the king sent for the sister, and when she came to the room of the king and his wife, the maiden said, "O my sister, if thou be not asleep, tell us one of thy pleasant stories, to pass the weary hours of the night, and I will take leave of thee in the morning."

"With all my heart," answered Shahrazad, "if the good king gives his permission." And the king, being wakeful, was pleased to hear a story, and said, "Tell on." And Shahrazad said: "Hear, then, O great king.

"There was a certain fisherman, advanced in age, who had a wife and three children; and though he was poor, it was his custom to cast his net, every day, no more than four times. One day he went forth at the hour of noon to the shore of the sea, and put down his basket, and cast his net, and waited until it was motionless in the water, when he drew together

its strings, and found it to be heavy. He pulled, but could not draw it up, so he took the end of the cord, and drove a stake into the shore, and tied the cord to it. He then stripped himself and dived round the net, and continued to pull until he drew it out. Thereupon he rejoiced, and put on his clothes; but when he came to examine the net, he found in it the carcass of an ass. At the sight of this he mourned, and exclaimed, 'This is a strange piece of fortune!'

"He then freed his net of the dead ass, and wrung it out; after which he spread it, and descended into the sea, and cast it again, and waited till it had sunk and was still, when he pulled it, and found it more heavy and difficult to raise than on the former occasion. He therefore concluded that it was full of fish; so he tied it, and stripped, and plunged, and dived, and pulled until he raised it, and drew it up upon the shore; when he found in it only a large jar, full of sand and mud. On seeing this, he was troubled in his heart. But he threw aside the jar, and wrung out and cleansed his net; and, begging the forgiveness of Allah for his impatience, returned to the sea for the third time, and threw the net, and waited till it had sunk and was motionless. He then drew it out, and found in it a quantity of broken jars and pots.

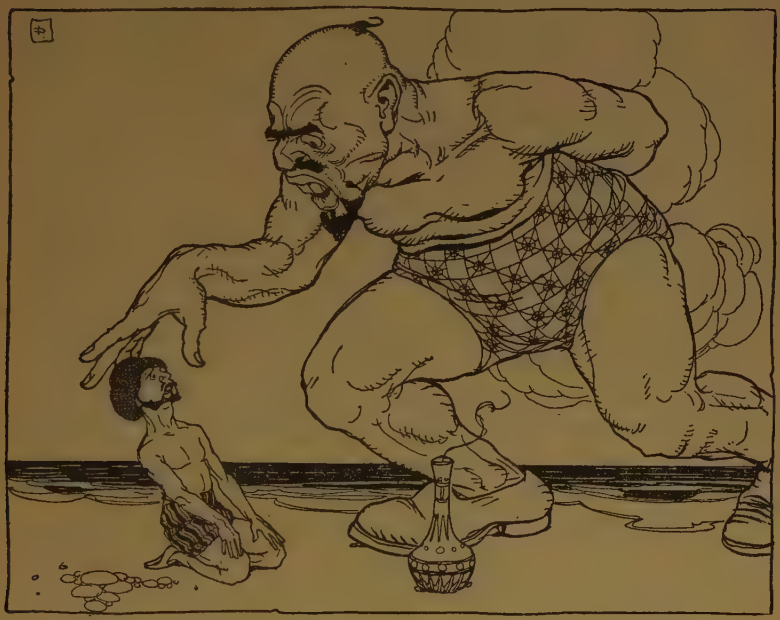
"Upon this, he raised his head towards heaven, and said, 'O Allah, thou knowest that I cast not my net

more than four times; and I have now cast it three times!' Then he cast the net again into the sea, and waited until it was still, when he attempted to draw it up, but could not, for it clung to the bottom. And he stripped himself again, and dived round the net, and pulled it until he raised it upon the shore. Then he opened it, and found in it a bottle of brass, filled with something, and having its mouth closed with a stopper of lead, bearing the impression of the seal of Solomon.

"At the sight of this the fisherman was rejoiced, and said, 'This I will sell in the copper market; for it is worth ten pieces of gold.' He then shook it, and found it to be heavy, and said, 'I must open it, and see what is in it, and store it in my bag; and then I will sell the bottle in the copper market.' So he took out a knife, and picked at the lead until he had extracted it from the bottle. He then laid the bottle on the ground, and shook it, that its contents might pour out; but there came forth from it nothing but smoke, which ascended towards the sky, and spread over the face of the earth; at which he wondered exceedingly. And after a little while, the smoke collected together, and became an Afreet, whose head was in the clouds, while his feet rested upon the ground. His head was like a dome; his legs, like masts; his mouth resembled a cavern; his teeth were like stones; his nostrils, like

trumpets; his eyes, like lamps; and he had disheveled and dust-colored hair.

"When the fisherman beheld this Afreet, he was overcome with fear. The Afreet, as soon as he perceived him, exclaimed —"



And here Shahrazad saw that the dawn was breaking and she was silent; and her sister said to her, "What a charming and delightful story!" "This is nothing," replied Shahrazad, "to what I will tell thee to-morrow night, if the king let me live." And the

king said to himself, "By Allah, I will not kill her until I hear the rest of the story."

And when the second night came, the younger sister said unto Shahrazad, "O my sister, finish thy story of the fisherman and the Afreet." "With all my heart," answered she, "if the king gives his permission." "Say on," commanded the king.

And Shahrazad said: "O great king and wise ruler, when the Afreet perceived the fisherman, he exclaimed, 'There is no god but Allah and Solomon is his prophet.' 'O Afreet,' said the fisherman, 'dost thou say Solomon is the prophet of Allah? Solomon hath been dead a thousand and eight hundred years; and we are now in the end of time. What is thy history, and what is thy tale, and what was the cause of thy entering this bottle?'

"When the Afreet heard the words of the fisherman, he said, 'Thou shalt instantly be put to a most cruel death.' 'Wherefore wouldst thou kill me,' exclaimed the fisherman, 'when I have liberated thee from the bottle, and rescued thee from the bottom of the sea, and brought thee up upon the dry land?' The Afreet answered, 'Choose what kind of death thou wilt die, and in what manner thou shalt be killed.' 'What is my offense,' said the fisherman, 'that this should be my reward from thee?' The Afreet replied, 'Hear my story, O fisherman.' 'Tell it, then,' said the fisherman, 'and be short in thy words.'

"'Know then,' said the Afreet, 'that I rebelled against Solomon, the son of David, and he sent to me his officer, who came upon me forcibly and took me to him in bonds, and placed me before him. And when Solomon saw me, he exhorted me to embrace the faith, and to submit to his authority; but I refused. Upon this he called for this bottle and confined me in it, and closed it upon me with the leaden stopper, which he stamped with the name of Allah: he then gave orders to have me carried away and thrown into the midst of the sea.

"'There I remained a hundred years; and I said in my heart, "Whosoever shall liberate me, I will enrich him forever." But the hundred years passed over me, and no one liberated me. And I entered upon another hundred years; and I said, "Whosoever shall liberate me, I will open to him the treasures of the earth," but no one did so. And four hundred years passed over me; and I said, "Whosoever shall liberate me, I will perform for him three wishes," but still no one liberated me. I then fell into a violent rage, and said within myself, "Whosoever shall liberate me now, I will kill him; and only suffer him to choose in what manner he will die." And, lo! now thou hast liberated me, and I have given thee thy choice of the manner in which thou wilt die.'

"When the fisherman had heard the story of the

Afreet, he said to the Afreet: 'Pardon me, and kill me not, and so may Allah pardon thee. Destroy me not, lest Allah give power over thee to one who will destroy thee.' The Afreet answered, 'I must positively kill thee; therefore choose by what manner of death thou wilt die.' The fisherman then felt assured of his death; but he again implored the Afreet, saying, 'Pardon me by way of gratitude for my liberating thee.' 'Why,' answered the Afreet, 'I am to kill thee for that very reason, because thou hast liberated me.'

"Then said the fisherman within himself: 'This is an Afreet, and I am a man; and Allah hath given me sound reason. Therefore, I will now plot his destruction.' So he said to the Afreet, 'Hast thou determined to kill me?' He answered, 'Yes.' Then said he, 'By the Most Great Name, engraved upon the seal of Solomon, I will ask thee one question; and wilt thou answer it to me truly?' On hearing the mention of the Most Great Name, the Afreet trembled, and replied, 'Yes; ask, and be brief.' The fisherman then said: 'How wast thou in this bottle? It will not contain thy hand or thy foot; how then can it contain thy whole body?' 'Dost thou not believe that I was in it?' said the Afreet. The fisherman answered, 'I will never believe thee until I see thee in it.' Upon this, the Afreet shook himself, and became

converted again into smoke, which rose to the sky, and then entered the bottle little by little, until it was all inclosed.

"Thereupon the fisherman hastily snatched the sealed leaden stopper, and having replaced it in the mouth of the bottle, called out to the Afreet, and said: 'Choose in what manner thou wilt die. I will assuredly throw thee here into the sea, and build me a house on this spot; and whosoever shall come here, I will prevent his fishing in this place, and will say to him, "Here is an Afreet, who, to any person who liberates him, will propose various kinds of death, and then give him his choice of one."'

"On hearing these words of the fisherman, the Afreet endeavored to escape; but could not, finding himself restrained by the impression of the seal of Solomon. The fisherman then took the bottle to the brink of the sea. The Afreet exclaimed, 'Nay! nay!' — to which the fisherman answered, 'Yea, without fail! yea, without fail!' The Afreet then, addressing him with a soft voice and humble manner, said, 'What dost thou intend to do with me, O fisherman?' He answered, 'I will throw thee into the sea; and as thou hast been there a thousand and eight hundred years, I will make thee to remain there until the hour of judgment.'

"At this the Afreet roared and cried: 'For the love

of Allah, O fisherman, do not do that! Spare me and do not bear me malice for what I did, for we Afreets are stupid folk. Let me out, and I will swear to bring thee great riches.'

"The fisherman accepted his offer and unsealed the bottle. Then the smoke ascended as before, and gathered itself together, and became an Afreet, who gave the bottle a kick, and sent it in the sea. When the fisherman saw this, he gave himself up for lost. But the Afreet laughed, and started off inland, saying to the fisherman, 'Follow me.' So he followed him, trembling. And he led him to a plain, and in the midst of this lay a lake surrounded by four little hills. He led the fisherman into the lake and bade him throw his net. The fisherman looked into the water, and was astonished to see fish of four colors, white and red and blue and yellow. Then he took his net and cast it, and when he drew it in, he found in it four fish, one of each color. And the Afreet said, 'Carry these to the Sultan and he will reward thee richly.' And so indeed it came to pass."

But when Shahrazad had concluded this story, the king determined to hear still another, and so Shahrazad continued for a thousand and one nights, by which time the king had lost his suspicions of womankind, and they lived happily forever after.

Adapted from the translation by E. W. Lane.

HELPS TO STUDY

At one time the Arabs were a rich people, interested in learning and skilled in architecture. Their religion is called Mohammedanism from Mohammed, who, as they think, was sent by God to teach religion to them. Their name for God is Allah. They also believe in David, Solomon, and other great Hebrew leaders. Saracen means nearly the same as Mohammedan. Where have you seen that word before?

1. Tell the story of the fisherman and the Afreet in your own words. 2. What is an Afreet? 3. How does the Afreet in the story show his stupidity? 4. Who is meant by Allah? 5. Who is Shahrazad? 6. How does she keep up the interest of the King? 7. What country did *The Arabian Nights* come from? 8. What is another name for the book? 9. What else do you know about the Arabs?

For Study with the Glossary: Shahrazad, concluded, Allah, extracted, Afreet, dome, disheveled, forcibly, bonds, exhorted, assured, impression.

Phrases: the end of time, embrace the faith, the Most Great Name.

Now we come to a little island of poetry surrounded by a sea of prose. It is very different from the poetry in the first half of the Reader, which tells us about heroes and knights, war and magic. The first four of these poems have no story, but they will give you something beautiful to see, something musical to hear, and something wise to remember. The last two tell stories that for years have made people smile. Since we understand poetry better when we read it over and over again, perhaps you will read some of these poems when they are not assigned as lessons. You will enjoy them most if you read them aloud.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead:
Act, — act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

You already know something about Longfellow's friendly and beautiful way of writing. This poem, composed when he was a young man, is so well known that most of its lines have become common sayings and are quoted by men who have never read it.

It has been translated into numerous foreign languages and has cheered and comforted the people of many countries.

When Longfellow wrote the poem he had been thinking about some sad verses that told him that life was not worth living. He put his answer into "A Psalm of Life," and he begins by saying, in the first stanza, that if people dream they must be asleep, and if they sleep all the time it is just the same as if they were dead.

1. What is a psalm? 2. Why is it impossible that life should be a dream? 3. Which stanza explains the difference between the body and the soul? 4. How have you found out by yourself that life is real and earnest? 5. What two stanzas make us think of soldiers? What is the difference between cattle and men? 6. What line tells us that poetry and paintings and music and all other beautiful things last long after the men who made them are dead? Can you think of any ancient country whose art still lives? 7. Which stanza reminds you of Robinson Crusoe? 8. Which line tells us not to think too much about the pleasant things that are going to happen? Why is this good advice? 9. Which line tells us not to think too much about what happened last week or last year? 10. Which stanza hints that we ought to learn all we can about great men and great women? 11. Mention some people who have left "footprints on the sands of time." 12. Which lines tell us that every day we ought to learn something new and grow kinder and better? 13. Pick out the lines and stanzas that tell us that we ought to act, to do something. 14. Which passages tell us that we ought to act courageously, cheerfully? 15. Repeat the stanza that you like best.

For Study with the Glossary: destined, art, fleeting, bivouac, sublime, fate, achieving, mournful numbers, "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," heart within.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HELPS TO STUDY

In this beautiful poem we see a waterfowl, separated from the rest of the flock, flying southward in search of a warmer land where it can build its nest. The stanzas are not at all like the stanzas of "A Psalm of Life." Each poet wished to make the music of his poem fit its meaning, and so each chose a different kind of stanza. Which has the slower music? In reading Bryant's poem, make a strong pause at the end of the third line.

1. Which of the pictures in this poem do you see most clearly when you shut your eyes? 2. What time of day is it? 3. What time of year? 4. What water birds have you seen flying south in the fall? 5. What is a fowler? 6. What kind of summer home

does the waterfowl seek? 7. Who is the Power in the fourth stanza? 8. What is meant by the "pathless coast"? 9. What is the lesson of the poem? 10. Commit it to memory.

For Study with the Glossary: fowler, plashy, marge, chafed, illimitable, abyss, zone.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.
That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem is one that ought to make us take greater delight in both clouds and poetry. The hero, of course, is the Cloud. In the first stanza and a part of the second we learn what gifts the Cloud bestows upon the earth. In the second stanza we learn

about the Cloud's strange pilot, and in the third we see the Cloud in his tent built by the wind.

1. What six gifts does the Cloud bestow upon the earth? 2. Which gift is usually unwelcome? 3. Who is the mother of the sweet buds? (The answer is hinted at in the eighth line of the first stanza.) 4. Who is the Cloud's pilot? Where does this pilot sit? 5. Where does he guide the Cloud? Why? 6. What beautiful visitor comes to the Cloud's tent at midnight? 7. What are the "swarms of golden bees"? 8. When the wind blows on a partly cloudy night, what do the stars seem to do? 9. What happens on earth when the Cloud's tent is torn apart?

10. Which lines in this poem do you like best? 11. Which comparisons seem to you the most interesting? 12. What is unusual about the rhymes? 13. Is the music slower or faster than in Bryant's "To a Waterfowl"? 14. Commit to memory the part that you enjoy most.

For Study with the Glossary: flail, lashing, genii, orbèd, glimmering, fleecelike, woof.

Phrases: skyey bowers (home in the skies) at fits (fits and starts), orbèd maiden (the maiden that circles around).

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats
Is a groan:
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls!
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells.
To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem has been the delight of school children for many years. In reading it, we must use our ears even more than our eyes. We hear the bells ringing out their different messages. Always the words and the music of the poem imitate the joy or fright or horror of the bells, and just as bells repeat the same sound again and again, so the poem often repeats the same word many times.

1. In the first stanza select the words that imitate sleigh bells. 2. Is the time day or night? 3. How are wedding bells different from sleigh bells? 4. What words show that they are golden, not silver? 5. Select the words and phrases that hint at the happiness that the bride and the bridegroom expect to enjoy. 6. What is the time? 7. The third ringing of bells at night is very different. The bells are neither silver nor golden; what are they? 8. Is the music of this stanza sweeter or harsher? What makes it so? 9. Why is the fire said to wish to sit by the

moon? 10. In the fourth stanza all the bells are ringing to tell of some strange danger. Mention some danger that might threaten a whole city or countryside. 11. How do we know that the danger is now greater, now less? 12. What words seem to you to imitate horror or despair? What is despair? 13. What is the time in this stanza? 14. What kind of bells do we hear in the opening lines of the last stanza? 15. What is the time? 16. What do you associate with the tolling of bells? 17. Who live in the steeple and ring these bells? 18. Describe the King of the Ghouls. 19. Point out the words that indicate the sadness of the tolling bells. 20. Point out the words that indicate the delight of the King of the Ghouls.

21. Which stanza do you like best? 22. Which one do you remember most clearly? 23. Quote any lines that stick to your memory.

For Study with the Glossary: oversprinkle, crystalline, tintinnabulation, molten, turtle-dove, gloats, euphony, voluminously, wells, alarum, turbulency, clamorous, expostulation, palpitating, clangor, monody, monotone, Ghouls, pæan.

Phrases: Runic rhyme (mysterious, unusual rhyme), liquid ditty (a clear, sweet song).

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Most of our American poets were brought up in the midst of family love and passed long lives in comfortable homes. Very different was it with Edgar Allan Poe, who was born in Boston in 1809. His father was a Southerner and his mother English. They were actors and very poor. Both died before Edgar was three years old. He was a beautiful clever child and was at

once adopted by a rich Virginian family named Allan. They were good and kind, but they did not love him as if he had been their own child, and he grew up a lonely boy. Except for a few years in a boarding school in England, his youth was spent in the grand old state of Virginia among interesting and refined people. He studied at the University of Virginia and, later, at West Point.

By this time there had been quarrels with Mr. Allan, and Poe now set out to earn his living by his pen. He lived in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York. He was always poor and always proud. When his beautiful young wife lay dying, a visitor found her without blankets on her bed and a huge tortoise-shell cat curled up in her arms to keep her warm. Poe died at the age of forty, worn out by poverty, illness, and trouble. He did not live to see his work fully appreciated.

His fame rests upon his short stories as well as upon his poems. The best of both stories and poems are so original and put together with such exquisite art that they have won the highest admiration, abroad as well as at home, especially in France. His imagination delighted in beauty, and it often chose strange and gloomy subjects. More than any other poet, Poe made his poetry sound like music. We feel this in "The Bells," in "The Raven," in "Annabel Lee," and in this lovely stanza from "Israfel":

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

POE

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,

Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down,* but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou,*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

First of November, — the Earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*
First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!

Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HELPS TO STUDY

The dialect in this poem is that of New England, humorously exaggerated. Georgius Secundus is Latin for George II, who was King of England in 1755. Although he was descended from English Kings he was much more German than English.

Read the poem with the aid of the Glossary.

1. What was the deacon's masterpiece? 2. Just when did he finish it? 3. What events happened the same day? 4. Who was King of England then? 5. Why do chaises usually break down? 6. How did the deacon think that he could make a chaise that would not break down? 7. What were some of the materials he used? 8. How long did the "shay" last? 9. When did it begin to show some sign of age? Repeat the line that describes its getting old. 10. Tell fully the story of its end. 11. What is meant by logic? why was the "shay" built in a logical way?

12. What moral does the poet throw into the middle of the poem "without charge"? 13. If you think that the story has a lesson, tell what it is. 14. Repeat some of the lines that you can't help remembering. 15. What other poems by Holmes have you read?

For Study with the Glossary: shay (chaise), logical, hub, tire, felloe, thill, sill, thoroughbrace, lurking, spokes, lancewood, blunt, frizzled, prop-iron, axle, linchpin, bison, boot, dasher, tanner, whipple-tree, encore, rat-tail, ewe-necked.

Phrases: done so brown (done completely), settler's ellum (long-standing elm).

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

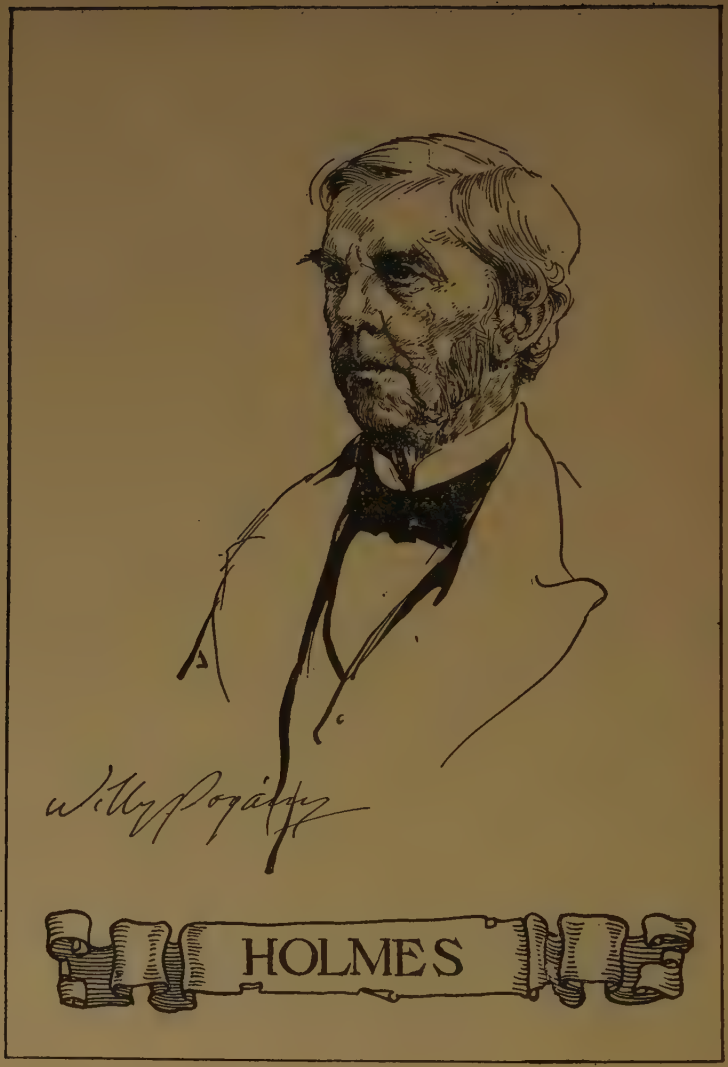
Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in the same year as Poe, Tennyson, and Lincoln, 1809, in Cambridge, not far from the Washington Elm. He lived all his life in Cambridge or Boston, his longest absence lasting only two years. It was he who playfully named Boston "the hub of the universe." He was brought up in a refined home very much as Longfellow and Lowell were brought up. His favorite book as a boy was a translation of Homer. After graduating from Harvard he studied law a little and medicine a great deal, the last two years in Paris, where, as he wrote home, he spoke French, ate French, and drank French.

Though we think of Holmes as a writer, we must remember that for many years he practiced medicine and lectured on anatomy at the Harvard Medical School. Small, gentle, smiling, he was able to light up the dryest subject with his wit and humor. When he was nearly fifty he began writing prose for the *Atlantic Monthly* under the name of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,

and for many years he produced novels, delightful essays, and poems. He was the wittiest talker in Boston. This gift shone at the Saturday Club, to which belonged such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Whittier. Holmes's genial happy life lasted until 1894, when all these old friends were dead. Near the end of his life he wrote, "I have always been good company to myself, either by day or night."

Every American child knows "Old Ironsides," Holmes's first famous poem, written when he was just out of college. It is in the FOURTH READER. A greater poem is "The Chambered Nautilus," which tells how the soul may keep on growing all the time. But people familiar with the best poetry like his "Last Leaf" even better. It describes an old man in a very beautiful blending of the humorous and the grave. The last stanza reads:

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
    In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
    Where I cling.


HOLMES

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

A Hindoo Fable

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take

The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,

Each in his own opinion
  Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
  And all were in the wrong!

JOHN G. SAXE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Tell the story in your own words. 2. What is the lesson? 3. Why was each partly right and wholly wrong? 4. What name do we give to a lie that has some truth in it? 5. Why is such a lie hard to contradict?

For Study with the Glossary: Indostan, inclined, scope.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDHOOD OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

I. David Is Sent Away from Home

David Copperfield is harshly treated by his step-father, Mr. Murdstone, and by Mr. Murdstone's sister. The little boy of eight is sent away to school and separated from his mother whom he dearly loves and his old nurse Peggotty. He has no other friends or relatives in the world except an aunt, Miss Trotwood, who has never forgiven him for being born a boy instead of a girl. In this selection he has just left home in charge of Mr. Barkis, who is to drive him to Yarmouth.

We might have gone about half-a-mile, and my pocket-handkerchief was quite wet through, when the carrier stopped short.

Looking out to ascertain what for, I saw, to my amazement, Peggotty burst from a hedge and climb into the cart. She took me in both her arms, and squeezed me to her stays until the pressure on my nose was extremely painful, though I never thought of that till afterwards when I found it very tender. Not a single word did Peggotty speak. Releasing one of her arms, she put it down in her pocket to the elbow, and brought out some paper bags of cakes which she crammed into my pockets, and a purse which she put into my hand, but not one word did

NOT A SINGLE WORD DID PEGGOTTY SPEAK.

she say. After another and a final squeeze with both arms, she got down from the cart and ran away; and, my belief is, and has always been, without a solitary button on her gown. I picked up one, of several that were rolling about, and treasured it as a keepsake for a long time.

The carrier looked at me, as if to inquire if she were coming back. I shook my head, and said I thought not. "Then, come up," said the carrier to the lazy horse; who came up accordingly.

Having by this time cried as much as I possibly could, I began to think it was of no use crying any more. The carrier, seeing me in this resolution, proposed that my pocket-handkerchief should be spread upon the horse's back to dry. I thanked him, and assented; and particularly small it looked, under those circumstances.

I had now leisure to examine the purse. It was a stiff leather purse, with a snap, and had three bright shillings in it, which Peggotty had evidently polished up with whitening for my greater delight. But its most precious contents were two half-crowns folded together in a bit of paper on which was written, in my mother's hand, "For Davy. With my love." I was so overcome by this that I asked the carrier to be so good as reach me my pocket-handkerchief again; but he said he thought I had better do without it;

and I thought I really had; so I wiped my eyes on my sleeve and stopped myself.

For good, too; though, in consequence of my previous emotions, I was still occasionally seized with a stormy sob. After we had jogged on for some little time, I asked the carrier if he was going all the way.

"All the way where?" inquired the carrier.

"There," I said.

"Where's there?" inquired the carrier.

"Near London?" I said.

"Why, that horse," said the carrier, jerking the rein to point him out, "would be deader than pork afore he got over half the ground."

"Are you only going to Yarmouth, then?" I asked.

"That's about it," said the carrier. "And there I shall take you to the stage-cutch, and the stage-cutch that'll take you to — wherever it is."

As this was a great deal for the carrier (whose name was Mr. Barkis) to say — I offered him a cake as a mark of attention, which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant, and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

"Did *she* make 'em now?" said Mr. Barkis, always leaning forward, in his slouching way, on the footboard of the cart with an arm on each knee.

"Peggotty, do you mean, Sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis. "Her."

"Yes. She makes all our pastry, and does all our cooking."

"Do she though?" said Mr. Barkis.

He made up his mouth as if to whistle, but he didn't whistle. He sat looking at the horse's ears, as if he saw something new there; and sat so for a considerable time. By-and-by, he said:

"No sweethearts, I b'lieve?"

"Sweetmeats did you say, Mr. Barkis?" For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

"Hearts," said Mr. Barkis. "Sweethearts; no person walks with her!"

"With Peggotty?"

"Ah!" he said. "Her."

"Oh, no. She never had a sweetheart."

"Didn't she though!" said Mr. Barkis.

Again he made up his mouth to whistle, and again he didn't whistle, but sat looking at the horse's ears.

"So she makes," said Mr. Barkis, after a long interval of reflection, "all the apple parsties, and doos all the cooking, do she?"

I replied that such was the fact.

"Well. I'll tell you what," said Mr. Barkis. "P'raps you might be writin' to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her," I rejoined.

"Ah!" he said, slowly turning his eyes towards me.

"Well! if you was writin' to her p'raps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you?"

"That Barkis is willing," I repeated, innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Ye—es," he said, considering. "Ye—es. Barkis is willin'."

"But you will be at Blunderstone again to-morrow, Mr. Barkis," I said, faltering a little at the idea of my being far away from it then, "and could give your own message so much better."

As he repudiated this suggestion, however, with a jerk of his head, and once more confirmed his previous request by saying, with profound gravity, "Barkis is willin'. That's the message," I readily undertook its transmission. While I was waiting for the coach in the hotel at Yarmouth that very afternoon, I procured a sheet of paper and an inkstand, and wrote a note to Peggotty, which ran thus: "My dear Peggotty. I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mama. Yours affectionately. P.S. He says he particularly wants you to know—*Barkis is willing.*"

When I had taken this commission on myself prospectively, Mr. Barkis relapsed into perfect silence; and I, feeling quite worn out by all that had happened lately, lay down on a sack in the cart and fell asleep. I slept soundly until we got to Yarmouth; which was so entirely new and strange to me in the inn-yard to

which we drove that I at once abandoned a latent hope I had had of meeting with some of Mr. Peggotty's family there, perhaps even with little Emily herself.

The coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole, and also what would ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here, in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name, first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William! show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offense. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying, very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said — "a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer — perhaps you know him!"

"No," I said, "I don't think —"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure —"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale — *would* order it — I told him not — drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think

it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lord bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding!"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a table-spoon, "is my favorite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his table-spoon to my tea-spoon, his despatch to my despatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

It was a little disconcerting to me, to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!" and from observing that the women-servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me as a young phenomenon. My unfortunate friend the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this, but joined in the general admiration without

being at all confused. If I had any doubt of him, I suppose this half awakened it; but I am inclined to believe that with the simple confidence of a child, and the natural reliance of a child upon superior years (qualities I am very sorry any children should prematurely change for worldly wisdom), I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole, even then.

II. The First Day at School

David arrives at the school before it opens; and at the request of Mr. Murdstone is unjustly punished by being made to wear a placard "He bites."

Tommy Traddles was the first boy who returned. He introduced himself by informing me that I should find his name on the right-hand corner of the gate, over the top bolt; upon that I said, "Traddles?" to which he replied, "The same," and then he asked me for a full account of myself and family.

It was a happy circumstance for me that Traddles came back first. He enjoyed my placard so much that he saved me from the embarrassment of either disclosure or concealment, by presenting me to every other boy who came back, great or small, immediately on his arrival, in this form of introduction, "Look here! Here's a game!" Happily, too, the greater part of the boys came back low-spirited, and were not

so boisterous at my expense as I had expected. Some of them certainly did dance about me like wild Indians, and the greater part could not resist the temptation of pretending that I was a dog, and patting and smoothing me lest I should bite, and saying, "Lie down, Sir!" and calling me Towzer. This was naturally

confusing, among so many strangers, and cost me some tears, but on the whole it was much better than I had anticipated.

I was not considered as being formally received into the school, however, until J. Steerforth arrived. Before this boy, who was reputed to be a great scholar, and was very good-looking, and at least half-a-dozen years

my senior, I was carried as before a magistrate. He inquired, under a shed in the playground, into the particulars of my punishment, and was pleased to express his opinion that it was "a jolly shame"; for which I became bound to him ever afterwards.

"What money have you got, Copperfield?" he said, walking aside with me when he had disposed of my affair in these terms.

I told him seven shillings.

"You had better give it to me to take care of," he said. "At least, you can if you like. You needn't if you don't like."

I hastened to comply with his friendly suggestion, and opening Peggotty's purse, turned it upside down into his hand.

"Do you want to spend anything now?" he asked me.

"No, thank you," I replied.

"You can if you like, you know," said Steerforth. "Say the word."

"No, thank you, Sir," I repeated.

"Perhaps you'd like to spend a couple of shillings or so, in a bottle of currant wine by and by, up in the bedroom?" said Steerforth. "You belong to my bedroom, I find."

It certainly had not occurred to me before, but I said, Yes, I should like that.

"Very good," said Steerforth. "You'll be glad to spend another shilling or so, in almond cakes, I dare say?"

I said, Yes, I should like that, too.

"And another shilling or so in biscuits, and another in fruit, eh?" said Steerforth. "I say, young Copperfield, you're going it!"

I smiled because he smiled, but I was a little troubled in my mind, too.

"Well," said Steerforth. "We must make it stretch as far as we can; that's all. I'll do the best in my power for you. I can go out when I like, and I'll smuggle the prog in." With these words he put the money in his pocket, and kindly told me not to make myself uneasy; he would take care it should be all right.

He was as good as his word, if that were all right which I had a secret misgiving was nearly all wrong — for I feared it was a waste of my mother's two half-crowns — though I had preserved the piece of paper they were wrapped in: which was a precious saving. When we went upstairs to bed, he produced the whole seven shillings' worth, and laid it out on my bed in the moonlight, saying:

"There you are, young Copperfield, and a royal spread you've got!"

I couldn't think of doing the honors of the feast, at

my time of life, while he was by; my hand shook at the very thought of it. I begged him to do me the favor of presiding; and my request being seconded by the other boys who were in that room, he acceded to it, and sat upon my pillow, handing round the viands — with perfect fairness, I must say — and dispensing the currant wine in a little glass without a foot, which was his own property. As to me, I sat on his left hand, and the rest were grouped about us, on the nearest beds and on the floor.

How well I recollect our sitting there, talking in whispers; or their talking, and my respectfully listening, I ought rather to say; the moonlight falling a little way into the room, through the window, painting a pale window on the floor, and the greater part of us in shadow, except when Steerforth dipped a match into a phosphorus box, when he wanted to look for anything on the board, and shed a blue glare over us that was gone directly! A certain mysterious feeling, consequent on the darkness, the secrecy of the revel, and the whisper in which everything was said, steals over me again, and I listen to all they tell me with a vague feeling of solemnity and awe, which makes me glad that they are all so near, and frightens me (though I feign to laugh) when Traddles pretends to see a ghost in the corner.

I heard all kinds of things about the school and all

belonging to it. I heard that Mr. Creakle had not preferred his claim to being a Tartar without reason; that he was the sternest and most severe of masters; that he laid about him, right and left, every day of his life, charging in among the boys like a trooper, and slashing away, unmercifully. But the greatest wonder that I heard of Mr. Creakle was there being one boy in the school on whom he never ventured to lay a hand, and that boy being J. Steerforth. Steerforth himself confirmed this when it was stated, and said that he should like to see him begin to do it.

The hearing of all this and a good deal more, outlasted the banquet some time. The greater part of the guests had gone to bed as soon as the eating and drinking were over; and we, who had remained whispering and listening half undressed, at last betook ourselves to bed, too.

"Good night, young Copperfield," said Steerforth, "I'll take care of you."

"You're very kind," I gratefully returned, "I am very much obliged to you."

"You haven't got a sister, have you?" said Steerforth, yawning.

"No," I answered.

"That's a pity," said Steerforth. "If you had had one, I should think she would have been a pretty, timid, little, bright-eyed sort of girl. I should have liked to know her. Good night, young Copperfield."

"Good night, Sir," I replied.

I thought of him very much after I went to bed, and raised myself, I recollect, to look at him where he lay in the moonlight, with his handsome face turned up, and his head reclining easily on his arm.

III. My Holidays. Especially One Happy Afternoon

This selection tells of David's first holidays, during which he goes home and sees Mr. Barkis, Peggotty, and his mother.

When we arrived before day at the inn where the mail stopped, which was not the inn where my friend the waiter lived, I was shown up to a nice little bedroom, with Dolphin painted on the door. Very cold I was, I know, notwithstanding the hot tea they had given me before a large fire downstairs; and very glad I was to turn into the Dolphin's bed, pull the Dolphin's blankets round my head, and go to sleep.

Mr. Barkis the carrier was to call for me in the morning at nine o'clock. I got up at eight, a little giddy from the shortness of my night's rest, and was ready for him before the appointed time. He received me exactly as if not five minutes had elapsed since we were last together, and I had only been into the hotel to get change for sixpence or something of that sort.

As soon as I and my box were in the cart, and the carrier seated, the lazy horse walked away with us all at his accustomed pace.

"You look very well, Mr. Barkis," I said, thinking he would like to know it.

Mr. Barkis rubbed his cheek with his cuff, and then looked at his cuff as if he expected to find some of the bloom upon it; but made no other acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I gave your message, Mr. Barkis," I said; "I wrote to Peggotty."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis.

Mr. Barkis seemed gruff, and answered dryly.

"Wasn't it right, Mr. Barkis?" I asked, after a little hesitation.

"Why, no," said Mr. Barkis.

"Not the message?"

"The message was right enough, perhaps," said Mr. Barkis; "but it come to an end there."

Not understanding what he meant, I repeated inquisitively: "Came to an end, Mr. Barkis?"

"Nothing come of it," he explained, looking at me sideways. "No answer."

"There was an answer expected, was there, Mr. Barkis?" said I, opening my eyes. For this was a new light to me.

"When a man says he's willin'," said Mr. Barkis,

turning his glance slowly on me again, "it's as much as to say, that man's a waitin' for a answer."

"Well, Mr. Barkis?"

"Well," said Mr. Barkis, carrying his eyes back to his horse's ears; "that man's been a waitin' for a answer ever since."

"Have you told her so, Mr. Barkis?"

"N — no," growled Mr. Barkis, reflecting about it. "I ain't got no call to go and tell her so. I never said six words to her myself. *I* ain't a goin' to tell her so."

"Would you like me to do it, Mr. Barkis?" said I, doubtfully.

"You might tell her, if you would," said Mr. Barkis, with another slow look at me, "that Barkis was a waitin' for a answer. Says you — what name is it?"

"Her name?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis, with a nod of his head.

"Peggotty."

"Chrisen name? Or nat'ral name?" said Mr. Barkis.

"Oh, it's not her Christian name. Her Christian name is Clara."

"Is it though?" said Mr. Barkis.

He seemed to find an immense fund of reflection in this circumstance, and sat pondering and inwardly whistling for some time.

"Well!" he resumed at length. "Says you, 'Peg-

gotty! Barkis is a waitin' for a answer.' Says she, perhaps, 'Answer to what?' Says you, 'To what I told you.' 'What is that?' says she. 'Barkis is willin',' says you."

This extremely artful suggestion, Mr. Barkis accompanied with a nudge of his elbow that gave me quite a stitch in my side. After that, he slouched over his horse in his usual manner; and made no other reference to the subject except, half an hour afterwards, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, and writing up, inside the tilt of the cart, "Clara Peggotty" — apparently as a private memorandum.

The carrier put my box down at the garden-gate, and left me. I walked along the path towards the house, glancing at the windows, and fearing at every step to see Mr. Murdstone or Miss Murdstone lowering out of one of them. No face appeared, however; and being come to the house, and knowing how to open the door before dark, without knocking, I went in with a quiet, timid step.

God knows how infantine the memory may have been that was awakened within me by the sound of my mother's voice in the old parlor, when I set foot in the hall. She was singing in a low tone. I think I must have lain in her arms, and heard her singing so to me when I was but a baby. The strain was new to me, and yet it was so old that it filled my

heart brimfull; like a friend come back from a long absence.

I believed, from the solitary and thoughtful way in which my mother murmured her song, that she was alone. And I went softly into the room. She was sitting by the fire, holding an infant, whose tiny hand she held against her neck. Her eyes were looking down upon its face, and she sat singing to it. I was so far right that she had no other companion.

I spoke to her, and she started and cried out. But seeing me, she called me her dear Davy, her own boy! and coming half across the room to meet me, kneeled down upon the ground and kissed me, and laid my head down on her bosom near the little creature that was nestling there, and put its hand up to my lips.

I wish I had died. I wish I had died then, with that feeling in my heart! I should have been more fit for Heaven than I ever have been since.

"He is your brother," said my mother, fondling me. "Davy, my pretty boy! My poor child!" Then she kissed me more and more, and clasped me round the neck. This she was doing when Peggotty came running in, and bounced down on the ground beside us, and went mad about us both for a quarter of an hour.

It seemed that I had not been expected so soon, the carrier being much before his usual time. It seemed,

too, that Mr. and Miss Murdstone had gone out upon a visit in the neighborhood, and would not return before night. I had never hoped for this. I had never thought it possible that we three could be together undisturbed, once more; and I felt, for the time, as if the old days were come back.

We dined together by the fireside. Peggotty was in attendance to wait upon us, but my mother wouldn't let her do it, and made her dine with us. I had my own old plate, with a brown view of a man-of-war in full sail upon it, which Peggotty had hoarded somewhere all the time I had been away, and would not have had broken, she said, for a hundred pounds. I had my own old mug with David on it, and my own old little knife and fork that wouldn't cut.

While we were at table, I thought it a favorable occasion to tell Peggotty about Mr. Barkis, who, before I had finished what I had to tell her, began to laugh, and throw her apron over her face.

"Peggotty!" said my mother. "What's the matter?"

Peggotty only laughed the more, and held her apron tight over her face when my mother tried to pull it away, and sat as if her head were in a bag.

"What are you doing, you stupid creature?" said my mother, laughing.

"Oh, drat the man!" cried Peggotty. "He wants to marry me."

"It would be a very good match for you; wouldn't it?" said my mother.

"Oh! I don't know," said Peggotty. "Don't ask me. I wouldn't have him if he was made of gold. Nor I wouldn't have anybody."

"Then, why don't you tell him so, you ridiculous thing?" said my mother.

"Tell him so," retorted Peggotty, looking out of her apron. "He has never said a word to me about it. He knows better. If he was to make so bold as say a word to me, I should slap his face."

Her own was as red as ever I saw it, or any other face, I think; but she only covered it again, for a few moments at a time, when she was taken with a violent fit of laughter; and after two or three of those attacks, went on with her dinner.

I remarked that my mother, though she smiled when Peggotty looked at her, became more serious and thoughtful. I had seen at first that she was changed. Her face was very pretty still, but it looked careworn and too delicate; and her hand was so thin and white that it seemed to me to be almost transparent. But the change to which I now refer was superadded to this: it was in her manner, which became anxious and fluttered. At last she said, putting out her hand, and laying it affectionately on the hand of her old servant,

"Peggotty, dear, you are not going to be married?"

"Me, ma'am?" returned Peggotty, staring. "Lord bless you, no!"

"Not just yet?" said my mother, tenderly.

"Never!" cried Peggotty.

My mother took her hand, and said:

"Don't leave me, Peggotty. Stay with me. It will not be for long, perhaps. What should I ever do without you?"

"Me leave you, my precious!" cried Peggotty. "Not for all the world and his wife. Why, what's put that in your silly little head?" — For Peggotty had been used of old to talk to my mother sometimes, like a child.

But my mother made no answer except to thank her, and Peggotty went running on in her own fashion.

"Me leave you? I think I see myself. Peggotty go away from you? I should like to catch her at it! No, no, no," said Peggotty, shaking her head, and folding her arms; "not she, my dear. I'll stay with you till I am a cross cranky old woman. And when I'm too deaf, and too lame, and too blind, and too mumbly for want of teeth, to be of any use at all, even to be found fault with, then I shall go to my Davy, and ask him to take me in."

"And, Peggotty," said I, "I shall be glad to see you, and I'll make you as welcome as a queen."

"Bless your dear heart!" cried Peggotty. "I know you will!" And she kissed me beforehand in grateful acknowledgment of my hospitality. After that, she covered her head up with her apron again, and had another laugh about Mr. Barkis. After that, she took the baby out of its little cradle, and nursed it. After that, she cleared the dinner table; after that, came in with another cap on, and her work box and the yard measure and the bit of wax candle, all just the same as ever.

We sat round the fire, and talked delightfully. I told them what a hard master Mr. Creakle was, and they pitied me very much. I told them what a fine fellow Steerforth was, and what a patron of mine, and Peggotty said she would walk a score of miles to see him. I took the little baby in my arms when it was awake, and nursed it lovingly. When it was asleep again, I crept close to my mother's side, according to my old custom, broken now a long time, and sat with my arms embracing her waist, and my little red cheek on her shoulder, and once more felt her beautiful hair drooping over me — like an angel's wing as I used to think, I recollect — and was very happy indeed.

IV. Peggotty's Wedding

David's mother has died and he is visiting with Mr. Peggotty, the brother of his nurse. Mr. Peggotty is a fisherman, and his house is not a house at all but an old boat cast ashore, high and dry on the Yarmouth flats. It has been roofed in, supplied with a door, windows, and a stove pipe for a chimney. Mr. Peggotty has never married but he has taken under his roof (or, under his deck) his nephew Ham, a niece, Little Emily, and Mrs. Gummidge, the very mournful widow of a former partner.

On the very first evening after our arrival, Mr. Barkis appeared in an exceedingly vacant and awkward condition, and with a bundle of oranges tied up in a handkerchief. As he made no allusion of any kind to this property, he was supposed to have left it behind him by accident when he went away; until Ham, running after him to restore it, came back with the information that it was intended for Peggotty. After that occasion he appeared every evening at exactly the same hour, and always with a little bundle, to which he never alluded, and which he regularly put behind the door, and left there. These offerings of affection were of a most various and eccentric description. Among them I remember a double set of pigs' trotters, a huge pincushion, half a bushel or so of apples, a pair of jet earrings, some Spanish onions, a box of dominoes, a canary bird and cage, and a leg of pickled pork.

Mr. Barkis's wooing, as I remember it, was altogether of a peculiar kind. He very seldom said anything; but would sit by the fire in much the same attitude as he sat in his cart, and stare heavily at Peggotty, who was opposite. One night, being, as I suppose, inspired by love, he made a dart at the bit of wax candle she kept for her thread, and put it in his waistcoat pocket and carried it off. After that, his great delight was to produce it when it was wanted, sticking to the lining of his pocket, in a partially melted state, and pocket it again when it was done with. He seemed to enjoy himself very much, and not to feel at all called upon to talk. Even when he took Peggotty out for a walk on the flats, he had no uneasiness on that head, I believe; contenting himself with now and then asking her if she was pretty comfortable; and I remember that sometimes, after he was gone, Peggotty would throw her apron over her face, and laugh for half-an-hour.

At length, when the term of my visit was nearly expired, it was given out that Peggotty and Mr. Barkis were going to make a day's holiday together, and that little Em'ly and I were to accompany them. I had but a broken sleep the night before, in anticipation of the pleasure of a whole day with Em'ly. We were all astir betimes in the morning; and while we were yet at breakfast, Mr. Barkis appeared in the

distance, driving a chaise cart towards the object of his affections.

Peggotty was dressed as usual, in her neat and quiet mourning; but Mr. Barkis bloomed in a new blue coat, of which the tailor had given him such good measure that the cuffs would have rendered gloves unnecessary in the coldest weather, while the collar was so high that it pushed his hair up on end on the top of his head. His bright buttons, too, were of the largest size. Rendered complete by drab pantaloons, and a buff waistcoat, I thought Mr. Barkis a phenomenon of respectability.

When we were all in a bustle outside the door, I found that Mr. Peggotty was prepared with an old shoe, which was to be thrown after us for luck, and which he offered to Mrs. Gummidge for that purpose.

"No. It had better be done by somebody else, Dan'l," said Mrs. Gummidge. "I'm a lone lorn creetur' myself, and everythink that reminds me of creeturs that ain't lone and lorn, goes contrairy with me."

But here Peggotty, who had been going about from one to another in a hurried way, kissing everybody, called out from the cart in which we all were by this time (Em'ly and I on two little chairs, side by side), that Mrs. Gummidge must do it. So Mrs. Gummidge did it; and, I am sorry to relate, cast a damp upon the festive character of our departure, by immediately

bursting into tears, and sinking subdued into the arms of Ham, with the declaration that she knowed she was a burden, and had better be carried to the House at once. Which I really thought was a sensible idea, that Ham might have acted on.

Away we went, however, on our holiday excursion; and the first thing we did was to stop at a church, where Mr. Barkis tied the horse to some rails, and went in with Peggotty, leaving little Em'ly and me alone in the chaise. I took that occasion to inform her, that I never could love another, and that I was prepared to shed the blood of anybody who should aspire to her affections.

How merry little Em'ly made herself about it! With what a demure assumption of being immensely older and wiser than I, the fairy little woman said I was "a silly boy"; and then laughed so charmingly that I forgot the pain of being called by that disparaging name, in the pleasure of looking at her.

Mr. Barkis and Peggotty were a good while in the church, but came out at last, and then we drove away into the country. As we were going along, Mr. Barkis turned to me, and said, with a wink, — by-the-by, I should hardly have thought, before, that he *could* wink:

"What name was it as I wrote up in the cart?"

"Clara Peggotty," I answered.

"What name would it be as I should write up now, if there was a tilt here?"

"Clara Peggotty, again?" I suggested.

"Clara Peggotty BARKIS!" he returned, and burst into a roar of laughter that shook the chaise.

In a word, they were married, and had gone into the church for no other purpose. Peggotty was re-

solved that it should be quietly done; and the clerk had given her away, and there had been no witnesses of the ceremony. She was a little confused when Mr. Barkis made this abrupt announcement of their union, and could not hug me enough in token of her unimpaired affection; but she soon became herself again, and said she was very glad it was over.

We drove to a little inn in a by-road, where we were expected, and where we had a very comfortable dinner, and passed the day with great satisfaction. If Peggotty had been married every day for the last ten years, she could hardly have been more at her ease about it; it made no sort of difference in her: she was just the same as ever, and went out for a stroll with little Em'ly and me before tea, while Mr. Barkis philosophically smoked his pipe, and enjoyed himself, I suppose, with the contemplation of his happiness. If so, it sharpened his appetite; for I distinctly call to mind that, although he had eaten a good deal of pork and greens at dinner, and had finished off with a fowl or two, he was obliged to have cold boiled bacon for tea, and disposed of a large quantity without any emotion.

I have often thought, since, what an odd, innocent, out-of-the-way kind of wedding it must have been! We got into the chaise again soon after dark, and drove cozily back, looking up at the stars, and talking about them. I was their chief exponent, and opened Mr. Barkis's mind to an amazing extent. I told him all I knew, but he would have believed anything I might have taken it into my head to impart to him, for he had a profound veneration for my abilities.

Well, we came to the old boat again in good time at night; and there Mr. and Mrs. Barkis bade us good-

by, and drove away snugly to their own home. I felt then, for the first time, that I had lost Peggotty. I should have gone to bed with a sore heart indeed under any other roof but that which sheltered little Em'ly's head.

Mr. Peggotty and Ham knew what was in my thoughts as well as I did, and were ready with some supper and their hospitable faces to drive it away. Little Em'ly came and sat beside me on the locker for the only time in all that visit; and it was altogether a wonderful close to a wonderful day.

It was a night tide; and soon after we went to bed, Mr. Peggotty and Ham went out to fish. I felt very brave at being left alone in the solitary house, the protector of Em'ly and Mrs. Gummidge, and only wished that a lion or a serpent, or any ill-disposed monster, would make an attack upon us, that I might destroy him, and cover myself with glory. But as nothing of the sort happened to be walking about on Yarmouth flats that night, I provided the best substitute I could by dreaming of dragons until morning.

CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield.*

[After his mother's death David was taken from school by Mr. Murdstone and put to hard work in a warehouse. After much abuse and humiliation, David ran away and finally reached the cottage of his aunt, Miss

Betsey Trotwood. Here he was kindly received, and under the guardianship of his aunt, he began a new and happy life. You will have to read the novel *David Copperfield* to find out what he did in later years, and what became of Mr. and Mrs. Barkis, Steerforth, Little Em'ly, and his other friends.]

HELPS TO STUDY

I. David Is Sent Away from Home. 1. Who was David Copperfield? 2. Where was he going? 3. Why was he going? 4. Who was Peggotty? 5. Describe her parting from David. 6. What did he find in the purse? 7. What questions did Mr. Barkis ask? 8. What message did he send to Peggotty? 9. Where did Mr. Barkis leave David? 10. How was David greeted there? 11. Describe the dining room at the inn. 12. Describe the waiter's appearance. 13. What do you hear of Mr. Topsawyer? 14. How did the greedy waiter get the chops and potatoes? 15. How did he get the pudding? 16. How did the waiter impress David? 17. How does David impress you? 18. What mistakes in grammar and punctuation are made by Mr. Barkis? by the greedy waiter? 19. Does little David make any grammatical mistakes? 20. "Barkis is willing" has become a proverb; how would it be used?

II. The First Day at School. 1. Who was the first boy that David met at school? 2. How was David decorated? 3. How did the boys treat him? 4. How much is seven shillings in American money? 5. Describe the "royal spread." 6. What did the boys think of J. Steerforth? 7. What idea do you get of David's looks? 8. Describe your own first day at school.

III. My Holidays, Especially One Happy Afternoon. 1. How did David fare at this inn? 2. How did Mr. Barkis greet him? 3. In what way had the message to Peggotty been a failure? 4. How did Barkis supplement his message? 5. Whom did David fear to find at home? 6. Whom did he find there? 7. How did David's mother receive him? 8. How did Peggotty receive the new message from Barkis? 9. What did she promise David's mother? 10. How did they spend the afternoon? 11. Can you describe the first time you came home after a visit?

IV. Peggotty's Wedding. 1. Where is David? 2. What presents did Mr. Barkis bring for Peggotty? 3. Describe his wooing. 4. Describe his wedding costume. 5. Can you draw a picture of Mr. Barkis? 6. Why does Mrs. Gummidge object to throwing the shoe? 7. What mistakes does she make in grammar? in pronunciation? 8. How did Mr. Barkis announce his marriage? 9. Describe the wedding dinner. 10. What did David talk about on the drive home?

Persons of the Story

David Copperfield, aged eight
His mother
Mr. Murdstone, his stepfather
David's half-brother, a baby
Clara Peggotty, David's nurse
Mr. Barkis, the carrier
The landlady at the inn
Mr. Creakle, the schoolmaster
Tommy Traddles, a schoolboy
James Steerforth, a schoolboy
Mr. Peggotty, a fisherman
Ham, his nephew
Little Em'ly, his niece
Mrs. Gummidge, "a lone lorn creetur"

For Study with the Glossary: I. carrier, solitary, keepsake, accordingly, resolution, leisure, half-crown, faltering, transmission, commission, prospectively, latent, ultimately, affably,

ruminate, disconcerting, phenomenon (the word means fact, or occurrence, but here means an extraordinary fact, or a wonder), prematurely.

II. embarrassment, disclosure, concealment, boisterous, anticipated, reputed, misgiving, acceded, feign.

Schoolboy Phrases: here's a game, jolly shame, you're going it, smuggle the prog (food) in, royal spread, a Tartar.

III. elapsed, sixpence, inquisitively, pondering, stitch in my side, tilt (the cloth or canvas cover of a wagon), lowering, infantine, superadded.

IV. vacant, eccentric, pig's trotters, betimes, phenomenon (wonder) of respectability, the House (poorhouse), demure, disparaging, unimpaired, philosophically (*i.e.* calmly, like a philosopher), contemplation, exponent, impart, veneration.

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) was really writing of his own childhood when he told the story of David Copperfield. Like David he suffered from poverty and neglect and was taken from school and set to work in a warehouse. Dickens's own father was a person somewhat like David's friend, Mr. Micawber.

Charles Dickens had made his way as a shorthand reporter before he became known as a contributor to the magazines. When he was only twenty-four he began writing the *Pickwick Papers*. These made a great success. Four hundred copies of the first paper were bound, and forty thousand of the fifteenth. Wealth and fame had come to the young writer almost in a moment.

Dickens was a man of enormous energy. He was always doing something. He would walk thirty or forty miles at a stretch, often at night through the streets of London, and in the long walks he noted down in his memory thousands of persons and places. Later on, he made use of these in his novels. After he had stored his mind with the many incidents and characters that were to make up a story, he wrote with great rapidity. Indeed, he shut himself up with his book and really lived with its persons, laughing and weeping over their joys and sorrows as so many readers have done since then.

Most of his novels were written for serial publication and are very long with a great many characters and scenes. These are of all kinds, comic, pathetic, tragic, or horrible, but most of them present life of his own time. Perhaps you have already read some of the amusing adventures of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller from the *Pickwick Papers* and the Christmas awakening of Old Scrooge from the *Christmas Carol* (See FIFTH READER, p. 269). Some of the best of the novels tell of children, as Little Nell in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, Paul Dombey in *Dombey and Son*, Oliver Twist, in the novel of that name, and Pip in *Great Expectations*. Perhaps the greatest of all his many novels is *David Copperfield*, which tells the story of David from his birth to manhood.

Dickens made two visits to the United States. On his first visit in 1842 he was received everywhere with great enthusiasm; but his impressions of the country, as recorded in his *American Notes* and the fine novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, were neither flattering nor pleasing to Americans. When, however, he came again in 1867, old resentments were forgotten, and the readings which he gave from his stories were attended everywhere by crowded audiences.

Dickens is one of the great inventors or creators of English

DICKENS

literature. Like Shakespeare and Scott, he has created for us a host of persons and made us share in their lives. Critics have found many faults in his books, though every one admits that he was a great humorist. He does indeed often exaggerate, and his men and women are sometimes caricatures rather than lifelike pictures. But what a work of invention he performed! Out of the streets of London and the highways of the English country, he created thousands of persons who have become the companions of millions of readers in sorrow and in mirth.

Review Questions: 1. What have you read by Dickens in addition to these selections? 2. What are the names of some of his novels? 3. What other children of his do you know besides David Copperfield? 4. In what ways is the story of David the story of the childhood of Dickens himself? 5. What examples of humor can you recall from these selections? 6. What examples of pathos?

7. In what year were Poe and Holmes born? 8. What other poet was born in the same year? (See page 330.) 9. What great statesman? 10. What great contrasts do you find between the lives of Poe and Holmes? 11. Which of the two had the happier life? 12. Which of the two was the greater humorist? 13. Can you remember a few lines from each? 14. What other American poets are represented in this book? What English poets?

The next selection is taken from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. The time is many years ago, and the five scenes selected are all in the house of Portia, a young woman of Belmont, Italy. Her father has directed in his will that she shall marry the suitor who chooses from among three caskets the one containing her picture. As she is both very beautiful and very rich, many suitors come to make the choice.

In the play, this story of the caskets is combined with the story of Shylock, who has lent money to a Venetian merchant, Antonio, on condition that if Antonio fails to pay upon a fixed day, he shall give a pound of his flesh to Shylock. It is a friend of Antonio who wins Portia, and she is able to save him from Shylock's vengeance. Shylock and Portia are the most important persons of the play and among the most wonderful of Shakespeare's interpretations of character.

In these selections, we have only the story of the caskets. In Scene I, Portia and her maid are making merry over the suitors. In Scenes II, III, and IV, two brave princes arrive, make their choice, and fail to select the right casket. In Scene V, the right man makes the right choice.

PORTIA'S SUITORS

From *The Merchant of Venice*

Scene I

Belmont in Italy. A room in Portia's *house*

Enter Portia *with her waiting-woman,* Nerissa

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word choose! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter

"My Little Body Is Aweary of This Great World."

curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "If you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine. He is every man in no man. If a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering. He will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's

time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, — as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a SERVING-MAN

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

While we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's *house*

Enter the Prince of Morocco, *a tawny Moor, all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with* Portia, Nerissa, *and their train. Flourish of cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant. By my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you;

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple. After dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men. *Exeunt.*

Scene III

Belmont. A room in Portia's *house*

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and their trains*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give: for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages;
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought. It were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key.
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] "All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
Fare you well; your suit is cold."
Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

Exit. Flourish of cornets.

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Belmont. A room in Portia's *house*

Enter Nerissa *with a* Servant

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight.
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their trains*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

[*Reads.*] "The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head.
So be gone; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

Exeunt ARRAGON *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! When they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord.
Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee. I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! *Exeunt.*

Scene V

Belmont. A room in Portia's *house*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, *and all their train*

Por. I pray you, tarry. Pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile.
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Puts bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.
Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! Then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. "Confess and love"
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch.
Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live. With much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

A song, the whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engend'red in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,

Bassanio. "And Here Choose I."

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*]
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them?
Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of — something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice.*

HELPS TO STUDY

SCENE I. 1. Where does this scene take place? 2. Who are the speakers? 3. Why cannot Portia choose a husband for herself? 4. How is a husband to be selected for her? 5. What suitors have appeared? 6. What does Portia think of the Neapolitan prince? 7. What of County Palatine? 8. Of whom does she say "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man"? 9. What objection does she make to the Englishman? to the German? 10. What have all these suitors decided to do? 11. Who does Nerissa say is the man "best deserving of a fair lady"? 12. Can you "level at Portia's affection"? 13. What new suitor is announced? 14. Select a number of Portia's wisest and wittiest sayings.

Notes on Words and Phrases. **Page 376, l. 1, troth,** truth; l. 6, **surfeit,** overeat; **P. 378, l. 6, whereof,** of which; l. 11, **overname,** name over; l. 13, **level,** level a gun so as to shoot correctly, *i.e.*, guess; l. 15, **Ay** (I), yes; l. 16, **appropriation,** addition; l. 19, **County,** Count; l. 23, **weeping philosopher,** Heraclitus (Hĕr-ā-klī'-tŭs), the Greek, was so named; **P. 379, l. 1, by,** concerning; l. 18,

poor pennyworth, *i.e.*, very little; l. 19, **a proper man's picture**, the picture of a handsome man; l. 21, **suited**, clothed; l. 21, **doublet**, jacket; l. 22, **hose**, breeches; P. 380, l. 6, **An**, if; P. 381, l. 11, **four**: this seems a mistake. How many have been mentioned?

Proper Names: Portia (Pōr'sha), Nerissa (Ne-rĭs'sa), Neapolitan (Nē-ă-pŏl'ĭ-tăn), Palatine (Păl'a-tīn), Le Bon (Le Bŏn'), Falconbridge (Fô'kŏn-brij), Saxony (Săk'sŏn-ĭ), Montferrat (Mŏn-fĕr-rä'), Bassanio (Băs-sän'ĭ-ō), Morocco (Mō-rŏk'kō).

For Study with the Glossary: curb'd, lottery, devised, Monsieur, capering, requite, determinations, marquis, forerunner.

SCENE II. 1. What suitor now enters? 2. Where does he come from? 3. What does he say about his complexion? 4. What passage shows that the prince is boastful? 5. With what hero does he compare himself? 6. What are the conditions to which he must swear before choosing? 7. Where have you heard of Hercules before?

Notes on Words and Phrases. Page 382, l. 2, shadow'd livery, poetical for "dark dress"; l. 4, **aspect**, face, appearance; l. 5, **fear'd**, made to fear; l. 6, **best-regarded**, in highest regard; l. 10, **nice**, fastidious, "particular"; l. 13, **scanted me**, restricted me; l. 14, **hedg'd me**, bound me. P. 383, l. 5, **outbrave**, surpass in bravery; l. 9, **Lichas** (Lī'kas) is nowhere else spoken of as the page of Hercules. He brought Hercules the poisoned shirt and in return was kicked sky-high into the sea. l. 12, **Alcides**, name for Hercules; l. 19, **be advis'd**, *i.e.*, not to choose.

Proper Names: Phœbus (Fē'bŭs), Sophy (Sō'fĭ), Hercules (Hĕr'kū-lēz), Lichas (Lī'kăs), Alcides (Ăl-sī'dēz).

SCENE III. 1. Where is this scene? 2. Who are the speakers? 3. Of what are the caskets made? 4. What inscriptions do they bear? 5. Why does Morocco refuse the lead casket? 6. Why does he hesitate over the silver casket? 7. Why does he choose the gold? 8. What does he find within the casket? 9. What is written on the scroll? 10. In what way had Morocco lacked wisdom? 11. What do you think of his character? 12. Was Portia sorry to see him go? 13. "A gentle riddance" has become a proverbial phrase. What does it mean?

Notes on Words and Phrases. P. 384, l. 12, **withal**, with it; P. 385, l. 7, **qualities of breeding**, qualities that come from birth and training; l. 10, **grav'd**, engraved; l. 21, **To rib her cerecloth**, to enclose her shroud; l. 27, **insculp'd**, engraved; P. 386, l. 6, **a carrion Death**, carrion means anything dead, and so is here applied to an image of Death.

Hyrcanian (Hĕr-kān'ĭ-ăn), Arabia (Ā-rā'bĭ-ă).

For Study with the Glossary: dross, immur'd, scroll, inscroll'd, adieu, riddance.

SCENE IV. 1. Who now "comes to his election"? 2. Why does he refuse the golden casket? 3. Why does he choose the silver casket? 4. What does he find in it? 5. Does he get what he deserves? 6. Which do you prefer, Morocco or Arragon? 7. What does Portia call them both? 8. What news does the messenger bring? 9. Who is announced? 10. Who does Nerissa hope he is?

Notes on Words and Phrases. P. 387, l. 6, **nuptial rites be solemniz'd**, marriage ceremony be celebrated; P. 388, l. 4, **ere**, before; l. 10, **jump**, agree; l. 16, **cozen**, cheat; l. 20, **assume desert**, suppose that I deserve it; l. 24, **schedule**, here merely

something written; P. 389, l. 5, **offend**, Portia says you can't be both offender and judge; l. 12, **wis**, think; l. 16, **sped**, 'done for'; l. 22, **wroth**, ruin; P. 390, l. 1, **deliberate fools**, because they take so much time in choosing; l. 2, They are just wise enough to guess wrong; l. 14, **costly**, rich; l. 15, **fore-spurrer**, one who spurs on before; l. 17, **anon**, soon; l. 20, **Cupid's post**, postman of Cupid, the god of love.

Proper Names: Arragon (Ăr'ră-gŏn), Venetian (Vĕn-ē'-shŭn).

For Study with the Glossary: ta'en (taken), enjoin'd, injunctions, presume, heresy, ambassador.

Scene V. 1. Who enter? 2. See if you can explain all of Portia's opening speech. 3. Why does she wish Bassanio to delay? 4. In line 6, would she be forsworn? 5. In lines 6–9, note the steps of Portia's argument: (a) If I told you which casket (b) I would break my oath. (c) I will never do that (d) but then you may choose wrongly (e) and I shall wish I had broken my oath. 6. What confession does Bassanio make? 7. To what bird does Portia compare Bassanio? 8. To what hero? 9. On what subject does Bassanio "deliberate"? 10. What does he say about ornaments and outward shows? 11. Why does he refuse the golden casket? 12. What does Portia say when he takes the leaden casket? 13. To whom does she say it? 14. What does Bassanio find within the casket? 15. For what does he praise the portrait? 16. How does he compare the painter to a spider? Portia's eyes to blinding lights? 17. What change in Portia's manner appears in her last speech. 18. Is she witty now and full of fun? 19. What lines show her modesty; her seriousness; the nobility of her love? 20. With whom does Bassanio compare himself?

Notes on Words and Phrases. P. 391, l. 16, **peize**, weigh down, make go slower; P. 392, l. 17, **a swan-like end.** The swan was supposed to sing while dying, hence swan-song; l. 26, **Alcides**, Hercules rescued the daughter of Laomedon (La-ŏm′ē-dŏn), King of Troy, from sacrifice to a sea-monster; P. 393, l. 2, **Dardanian**, Trojan; l. 3, **bleared**, tearful; l. 7, **fancy**, light love; l. 20, **season'd**, made agreeable; l. 21, **obscures the show**, hides the appearance; P. 395, l. 5, **Midas**, who turned everything he touched into gold, even his food; l. 7, **meagre**, poor, mean; l. 15, **allay thy ecstasy**, lessen my excitement; l. 19, **Portia's counterfeit**, Portia's picture; P. 396, l. 5, **continent and summary**, that which contains and summarizes my fortune; P. 397, l. 7, **exceed account**, pass all reckoning; l. 9, **unpractis'd**, inexperienced; l. 24, **my vantage to exclaim on you**, my opportunity to blame you; P. 398, l. 5, a wild confused joy.

Proper Names: Gratiano (Gra-shĭ-ā′nō), Dardanian (Dar-dā′-nĭ-ăn); Midas (Mī-das).

For Study with the Glossary: forbear, forsworn, rack, amity, enforced, aloof, issue of the exploit, tainted, corrupt, grossness, allay, ecstasy, scant, rein, ratified, presage, bereft, blent.

Review Questions: 1. Describe Portia's character as shown in these scenes. 2. In what passages is she merry and joking? 3. In what passages is she most excited? 4. What passage shows the deeper self? 5. In what way did the choice of caskets test the real character of the suitors? 6. How does Bassanio's choice show that of the three suitors he is the most in love with Portia and the least in love with himself. 7. Select several short passages that seem most worthy of remembering.

sundry (sŭn′ dri), several, a number.
superadded (sū pĕr ăd′ ed), added in addition.
surety (shoōr′ ti), bond, guarantee.
surf (sûrf), billows breaking into foam.
surly (sĕr′ li), gloomy, ill-natured.
surveyor (sûr vā′ or), one who measures land.
sustenance (sŭs′ te nans), nourishment.
swarthy (swôr′ thi), dark, black.

tainted (tānt′ ed), spoiled, dishonest.
take no heed, pay no attention.
Talisman (tăl′ iz man), the name of a novel by Sir Walter Scott. The word means a magical object.
tanner (tăn′ ẽr), one who tans, or makes skins into leather.
tarpaulin (tär pô′ lin), a waterproof hat, p. 295.
tarry (tăr′ ĭ), delay, wait.
Tartar, tyrant, harsh master (schoolboy phrase).
telescope (tĕl′ ē skōp), an instrument for viewing distant objects.
temper steel, to make steel just right, either hard or soft, p. 69.
thereupon (thâr up ŏn′), immediately, then.
therewith (thâr with′), at the same time.
Thialfi (thē al′ fē).
thill (thĭl), the same as a shaft.
Thor (thôr).
thoroughbrace (thŭr′ ō brās), a leather band supporting the body of a carriage.
thrill (thrĭl), a shiver.
tide me death, betide me life, whether I die or live, p. 227.
tilt (tĭlt), the cloth or canvas cover of a cart.
tintinnabulation (tin ti nab ū lā′ shun), the ringing of bells.
tipped our anchor, raised our anchor, p. 296.
tire (tīr), a hoop around a wheel.
Tirra lirra (tir′ ä lir′ ä), a happy song, p. 218.
tolerable (tŏl′ ẽr a b'l), endurable, bearable.
trailed (trāld), dragged along.
train (trān), procession, p. 118.
trance (trăns), a dream-like state, something like sleep.
transept (trăn′sept), the short arms of a church shaped like a cross.
transformation (trans for mā′ shun), changes in form or appearance.
transmission (trăns mĭsh′un), delivery.
trappings (trăp′ ingz), ornaments placed on a horse.
treaty (trē′ ti), agreement.
Tristram (trĭst′ ram).
trophies (trō′ fĭz), prizes, emblems.
truce (troōs), an agreement to stop fighting for a time.
tunic (tū′ nik), a garment worn under the corselet.
turbulency (tĕr′ bū lens i), tumult.
turbulent (tûr′ bū lent), noisy, disturbed.
turtle dove (tur′ t'l), a dove with a soft cooing voice associated with love and marriage.
Tyre (tīr), an ancient city of Asia Minor.

ultimately (ŭl′ ti māt li), finally.
uncouthly (ŭn kooth′ li), peculiar and ugly.
understood intent (in tĕnt′), plan that has been agreed upon, p. 56.
unerring, (un ĕr′ ing), certain, without making any mistake.
ungentle discourteous, p. 198.
unimpaired (un im pârd), unlessened.
unsceptered (un sĕp′ tẽrd), *i.e.* without a king, p. 273.
unseemly (un sēm′ li), unfitting, unsuitable.
uplands (ŭp′ lands), high land.
Utgard (ŭt′ gärd).

vacant (vā′ kănt), empty, stupid.
Valkyr (văl′ kẽr), war maiden, a goddess, p. 176.
Valparaiso (văl pär ĭ′ sō), a city in Chile.
veneration (ven ẽr ā′ shun), great respect and admiration.
venom (vĕn′ om), poison, anger.
verdant (vẽr′ dant), green.
verdure (vẽrd′ ūr), green grass and foliage.
verified (vĕr′ ĭ fīd), proved true.
verily (vĕr′ i li), truly, in truth.

viands (vī′ andz), food.
visionary projects (vĭzh′ un a ri proj′-ekts), unpractical schemes, p. 259.
visor (viz′ ẽr), part of the helmet that covers the eyes.
Volsung (vŏl′ sung).
voluminously (vŏ lūm′ i nus li), in large quantities.
voluntary (vol un tā′ ri), of one's own accord.
votive (vō′ tiv), offered in payment of a vow, consecrated, dedicated.

wallet (wôl′ et), bag, p. 148.
waning (wān′ ing), losing leaves and color, p. 218.
ward (wôrd), prison, guard, p. 107.
warrant (wŏr′ rant), say or assert, p. 185.
waxed (waksd), grew.
web, something that is woven.
well-favored (fā′ vẽrd), good-looking.
wells (welz), gushes up.
whipple-tree (wĭp′ p'l), the bar to which the traces of a carriage are fastened.
wistful (wĭst′ ful), wishing, desirous.
wold (wōld), an open tract of country.
wont (wŭnt), custom; as an adjective, accustomed.
woodcraft (wo͝od′ kraft), knowledge of the woods.
woof (wo͞of), threads in woven cloth.

Yarmouth (yär′ muth), an English seaport on the North Sea.
yearn (yẽrn), desire, long for.

zone (zōn), belt, region, place.

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